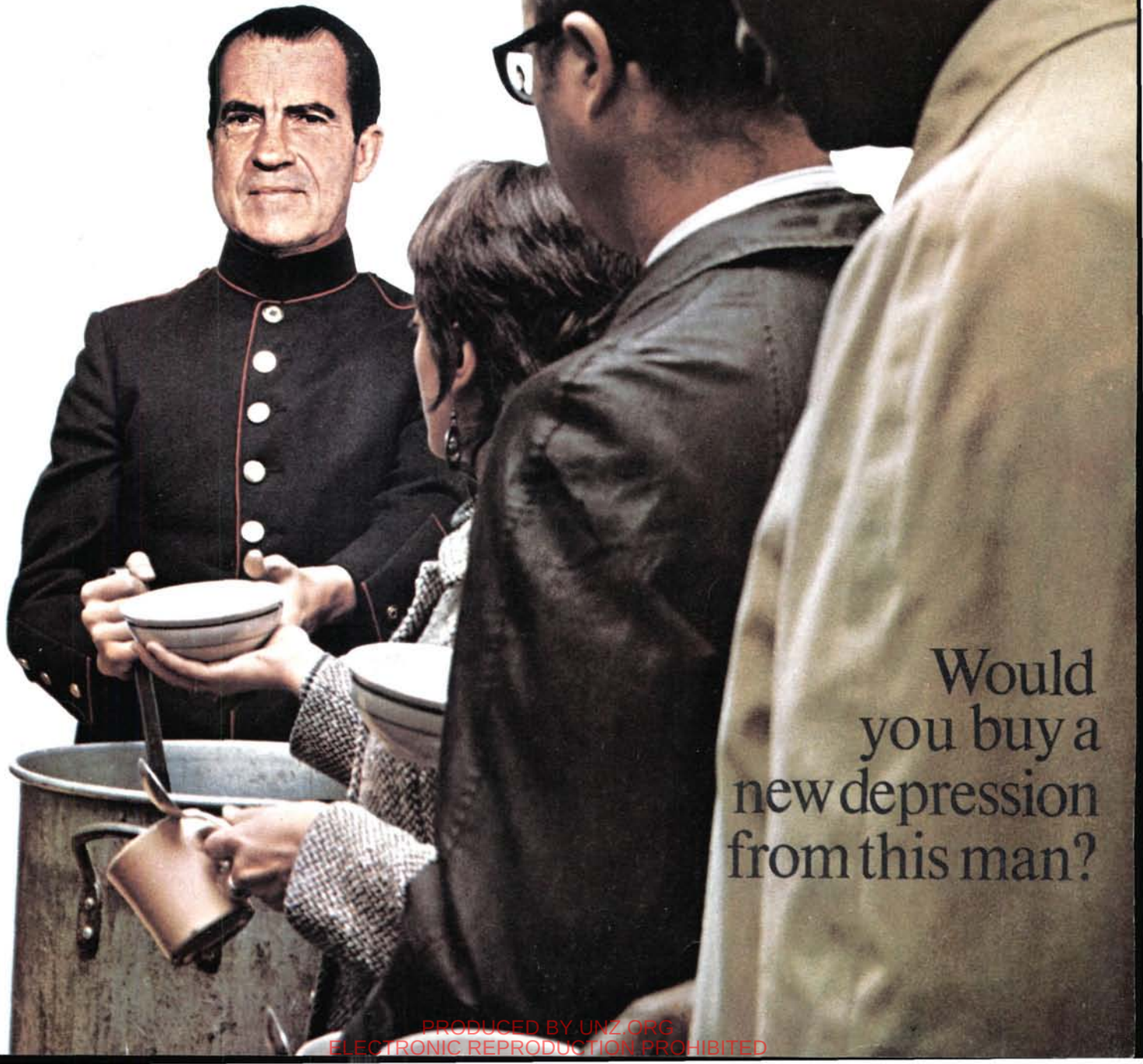
March 1971

Weatherman: Revised Forecast; Kopkind on Reich; Los Siete de la Raza; Goodbye Mr. Gomulka; Hollywood Capers 75c

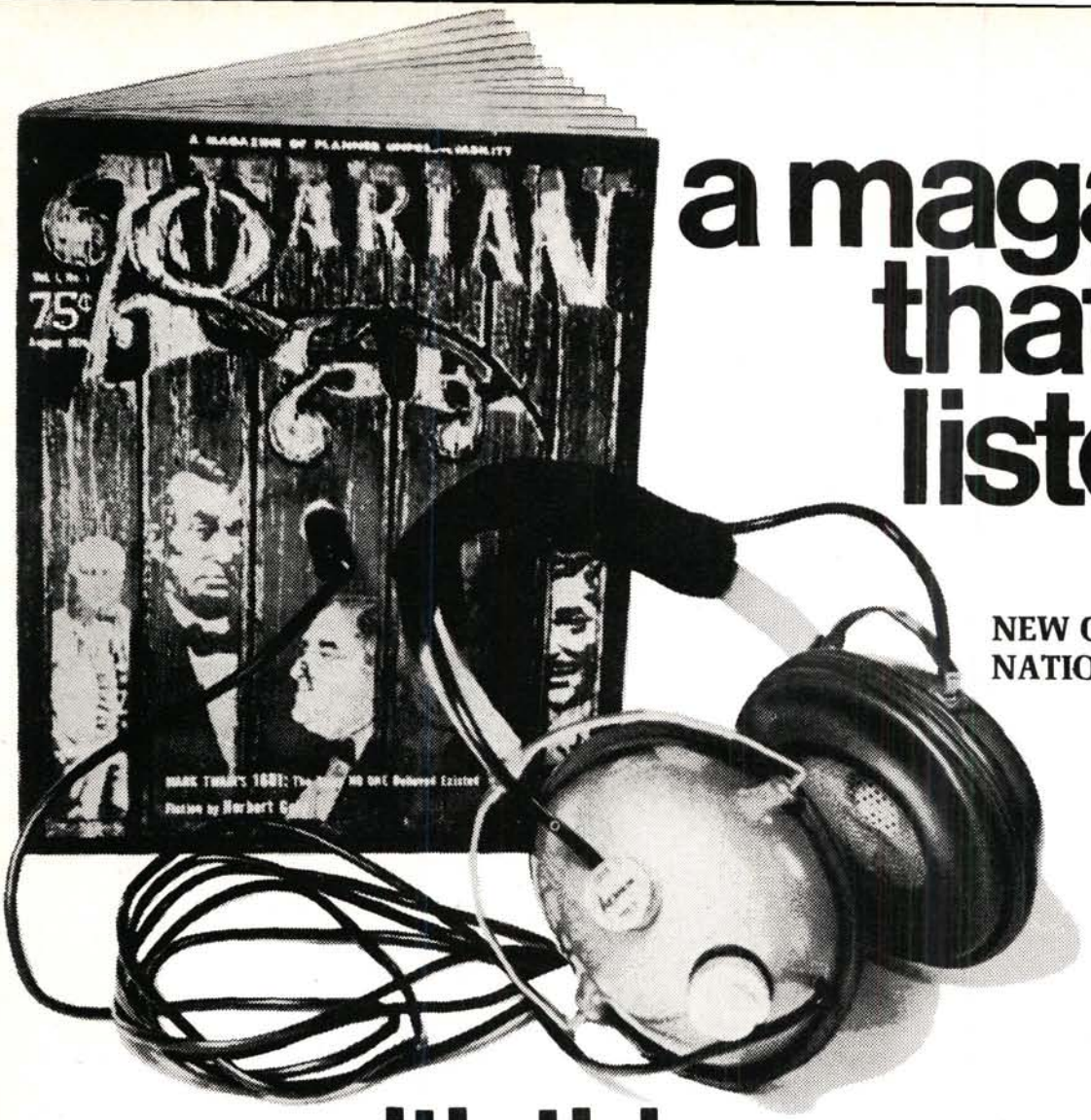
COPY 2

Ramparts®



Would you buy a new depression from this man?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



a magazine that you listen to?

NEW ON THE NATIONAL SCENE

with this one you don't read so much as listen

THE AQUARIAN AGE A MAGAZINE OF PLANNED UNPREDICTABILITY

From PAGE ONE:

"In this dawn of Aquarius—an age of the people, of rising together, of humanitarianism and brotherhood and awareness of our evolutionary spiral upward—who can predict what will happen in even the next five minutes?"

Which brings us to the phrase, "A Magazine of Planned Unpredictability," the meaning of which we ourselves haven't yet determined. Our guess is that it means the Aquarian Age will just do its thing and print writers who will say what they mean in a simple, concise, cogent way with a minimum of editing on our part. And we'll do it in such a way as to be readable, in the vanguard, and enjoyable.

The Aquarian Age: A sort of cross between an entertaining Ramparts, a radical Playboy.

Like Ramparts we'll have controversy and politics, of course, but with satire to offset dry reality. Like Playboy, we'll have sex (not the blatant nor the hairless kind) and interviews, too—but with the whores, clergymen, pimps, cops-on-the-beat; the lesser known makers, breakers and shakers of the nation, whose lives are just as interesting and exciting as those of the high-thinkers.

THE AQUARIAN AGE

A Magazine of Planned Unpredictability

Subscription Depar
270 World Trade C
San Francisco, Californ

Sirs: Send me the next 13 issues of the Aquarian Age
subscription for $9.00. (A saving of time, money, and the
of having my favorite newsstand sold out.) Payment is e

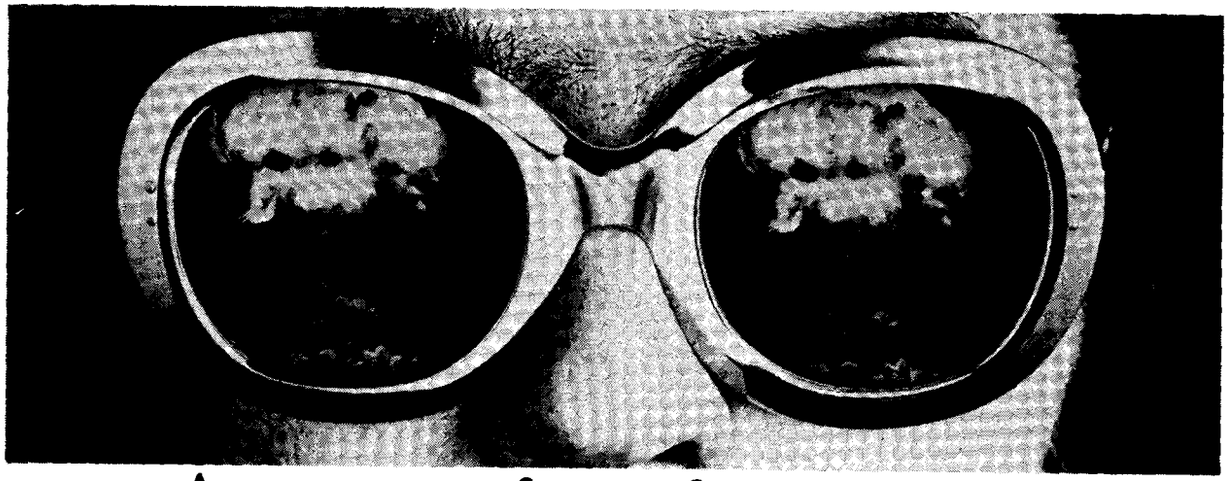
Name _____
(Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _

Charter subscriptions $9.00 for one year (13 issues); for two years (24 issues); $24.00 for three years (36 is

REPRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Are you already a victim of future shock?

THE ACCELERATION started with Hiroshima. Without warning, we switched to mechanized lives, disposable goods, impermanent allegiances. We entered the plug-in, throw-away, rent-a-thing, forget-a-person age. We began using up products, ideas, people at a dizzying rate.

Some people thrive on the pace. Others are its victims. Refusing to recognize change, they collide abruptly with the future, suffering an adaptive breakdown which Alvin Toffler calls "future shock."

What's the preventative? Start with the Science Fiction Book Club. Science Fiction predicts future change long before it becomes reality: the Atomic Bomb, the UN, computers, vision phones, organ transplants, moon landings, test tube babies... you name it. Eventually Science "Fiction" comes true! It leaps to life from the pages of some of the most provocative, stimulating, imaginative literature you can find.

Choose any 3 books for just $1

If you'd like to be prepared to meet tomorrow, we invite you to share the excitement with us today. Choose any 3 books for just $1, plus shipping and handling when you enroll in the Science Fiction Book Club. You can even make one of them *Future Shock*, which *Psychology Today* calls "the best single rendering of what the future may hold." With membership, you get the best science fiction for the astonishingly low price of $1.49 a book plus shipping and handling. (Occasional extra-value selections are slightly more.) You agree to take only four selections or alternates in the coming year.

All are handsome, hard-bound, full-length editions of Science Fiction's newest, most exciting discoveries, and they're described each month in the club's revealing bulletin, *Things To Come*. So don't let the future sneak up on you. We'll start you off with three books of your choice for just $1.00, plus shipping and handling and bill you later. Join now... the future beckons!

CHOOSE ANY 3 BOOKS FOR JUST $1

When you join the Science Fiction Book Club and agree to accept only four books during the coming year.

618. Dangerous Visions, ed by Harlan Ellison. Anthology of 33 stories never before in print by Sturgeon, Anderson, others. Pub. ed. **$6.95**

608. Ice Crown by Andre Norton. A closed planet holds strange colonists locked in intrigue over a royal crown with dread power. Pub. ed. **$4.75**

615. Stranger in a Strange Land, by Robert A. Heinlein. He knew the Martian love secret—and it spelled his doom. Pub. ed. **$6.95**

798. Quest for the Future by A. E. Van Vogt. The electrifying adventure of the man who discovers immortality and the secrets of time.

607. Five Fates. A remarkable tour de force. Five top writers supply their own endings for, "After life, what?" Pub. ed. **$4.95**

806. Beyond the Beyond, by Poul Anderson. Six novellas by Hugo Award winner. About scientists, pirates, "loners."

803. Rockets in Ursa Major by Fred Hoyle and Geoffrey Hoyle. A spaceship returns crewless announcing the coming of a deadly peril. Pub. ed. **$4.95**

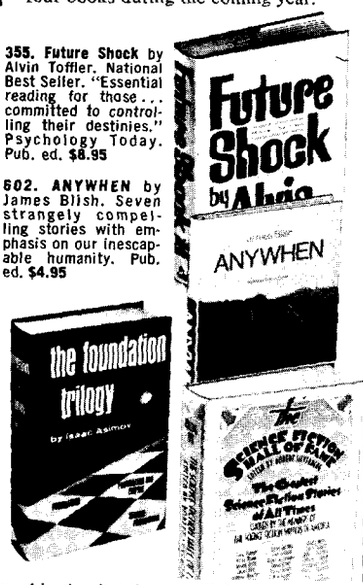
804. The Year 2000, An Anthology edited by Harry Harrison. Thirteen compelling new stories on the quality of life 30 years from now. Pub. ed. **$4.95**

622. The Foundation Trilogy, by Isaac Asimov. The ends of the galaxy revert to barbarism. Pub. ed. **$10.50**

279. Science Fiction Hall of Fame I. 26 "winners," chosen by Sci-Fi Writers of America. Ed. Robert Silverberg. Pub. ed. **$7.95**

355. Future Shock by Alvin Toffler. National Best Seller. "Essential reading for those... committed to controlling their destinies." Psychology Today. Pub. ed. **$6.95**

602. ANYWHEN by James Blish. Seven strangely compelling stories with emphasis on our inescapable humanity. Pub. ed. **$4.95**



EXTRA FREE GIFT

with trial membership

Two sensational classics in one volume by Edgar Rice Burroughs. **The Gods of Mars** and **The Warlord of Mars.** Both complete novels, each part of Burroughs' famous Martian Series.

Science Fiction Book Club 29-S92
Dept. 13-PZX, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership and rush the 3 books whose numbers I have printed below. Bill me just $1.00 plus shipping and handling for all 3. Each month send me the Club's free bulletin "Things To Come" describing the two monthly selections and other book bargains. If I do not wish to receive one of the two monthly selections, or prefer an alternate or no book at all, I simply indicate so on the form provided. I pay only $1.49, plus shipping and handling for each book I take. (Occasional extra-value selections are slightly more.) I need take only 4 books in the coming year and may resign any time after purchasing 4 books.

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted with my introductory package, I may return it in 10 days and membership will be canceled. I will owe nothing.

MR.
MRS.
MISS *Print name*

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

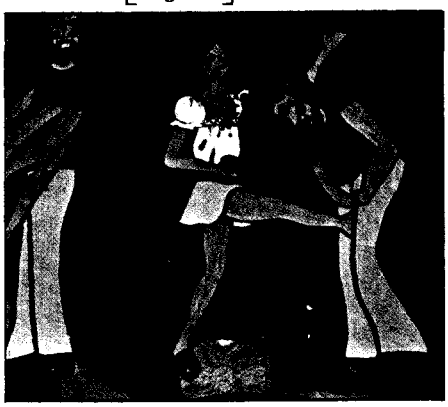
Office use only

Book Club editions are sometimes reduced in size, but they are all full-length, hard-cover books you will be proud to add to your permanent library. Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto. Offer slightly different in Canada.

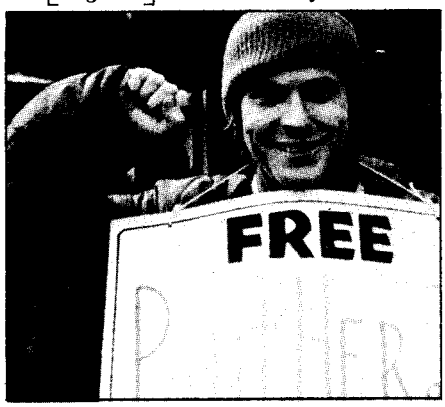
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*Page 12*] Poland

[*Page 27*] Revolutionary Karma



[*Page 30*] People's Art



[*Page 40*] Rip Torn

Hard Times Section	4
Exit Gomulka *by Tamara Deutscher*	12
The Cleaning of America: Don't Hold Your Breath *by James Ridgeway*	17
Los Siete de la Raza *by Marjorie Heins*	19
Revolutionary Karma vs. Revolutionary Politics *by David Horowitz*	27
Art: The Walls Belong to the People	30
Watch Out: Prosperity Is Just Around the Corner (Again) *by Doug Dowd*	35
Rip Torn: The Case of the Hollywood 1 *by Craig Pyes*	40
Polaroid Apartheid: Pull Tab, Wait 60 Seconds *by Daniel Schechter*	47
The Greening of America: Beyond the Valley of the Heads *by Andrew Kopkind*	51
Letters	53
Black Revolutionary Music (and other books)	54

Ramparts®

Vol. 9, No. 8 MARCH 1971

EDITORIAL BOARD
Peter Collier ☐ Sheila Daar
David Horowitz ☐ David Kolodney
Jan Austin ☐

HARD TIMES EDITORS
Andrew Kopkind ☐ James Ridgeway

ART DIRECTOR
Louise Kollenbaum

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Rhoda Slanger
Peter Stone (New York)
Frank Browning

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS
Toni Barrientos ☐ Joan Medlin
Claudia Niles

INTERNATIONAL EDITOR
Eldridge Cleaver

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Michael Ansara, Peter Buckman (London), Fred Gardner, Banning Garrett (Asia), John Gerassi (Paris), Art Goldberg, Karl Hess, Frances Lang, Sandra Levinson (New York), Marcus Raskin, Daniel Schechter, Jack Scott, Stanley Sheinbaum, Sol Stern, William Turner

BUSINESS STAFF
Robert England (Eastern Advertising Mgr.)
Frank Daar (Promotion Director)
Ray Souza (Bookkeeper)
Judy Oringer (Administrative Assistant)
John Giachino, Kip Lewis, Pat Shell (Subscription Department)

EDITORIAL ROOMS AND MAIN BUSINESS OFFICE
2054 University Avenue
Berkeley, California 94704
Telephone: (415) 849-4771

Contents Copyright © 1971 by Noah's Ark, Inc.
Marca Registrada

Indexed in Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature

Back volumes available from University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan

All rights reserved

RAMPARTS is published monthly by Noah's Ark, Inc. MAIN OFFICES: 2054 University Ave., Berkeley, California 94704, telephone (415) 849-4771. EASTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE: 15 E. 40th St., New York, N. Y. 10016, telephone (212) 686-5090. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $8.50, one year; $15.00, two years in USA and possessions. Foreign rate: $9.50, one year; $17.00 two years. Foreign Airmail rate: Mexico, Central America, Caribbean Islands, $17.00; Europe, South America, Africa (bordering the Mediterranean), $21.00. Far & Near East, USSR, Australia & remainder of Africa, $26.50. Single issue, 75 cents. Copyright © 1970 by Noah's Ark, Inc. All rights reserved. MANUSCRIPTS: Unsolicited manuscripts submitted to RAMPARTS must be sent with stamped, self-addressed envelope to ensure their return. RAMPARTS editors assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. Second copies should be retained by writer. SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE: Send both new and old address (enclose recent magazine address label, if possible). Please allow six weeks for change of address. Second-class postage paid at Berkeley, California, and at additional offices. Printed in the USA.

Cover photograph by John Peden

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Produced by James William Guercio

© 1970 James William Guercio Enterprises, Inc.

Four more incredible sides of Chicago.
(Their new double album.)

A specially priced 2-record set.

A specially priced 2-record set.

A 2-record set

The complete works.
On Columbia Records® and Tapes

® "COLUMBIA," MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hard Times

King Coal

According to the Bureau of Mines statistics, more men have died in mine disasters since the passage of the reforms than before.

THE SO-CALLED coal mine safety "reforms" are a mean trick on the men who slave in the pits of Appalachia. According to the Bureau of Mines statistics, more men have died in mine disasters since the passage of the reforms than before. (Between April 1 and November 16, 1970, 133 men died in coal mines. This compares with 116 deaths for the comparable period a year ago.) Since the big Consolidated Coal disaster, there have been 15,755 injuries in the mines. None of these figures include the explosion in Kentucky, which might not have occurred had not the federal inspectors been on their Christmas break.

In Kentucky, state health officials report miners breathe 67 times the maximum amount of coal dust declared to be safe by federal law. A recent study of West Virginia coal mining practices by J. Davitt McAteer and a group of West Virginia University students shows that coal operators routinely ignore safety requirements. The state inspectors are regarded as buffoons, and even if they write up safety violations, there are no penalties. Federal inspectors are well regarded by miners, but held in contempt by the mine owners. When a federal inspector comes by to inspect a mine, he is likely to find no way of getting around the works because the owners have disappeared with all means of transportation. Consolidated Coal Co., the biggest operator in the East and now a subsidiary of Continental Oil, owns the Mannington mine, where 78 men died in 1968. This company repeatedly flouts the law. Most recently Consolidated has manipulated its operations along the Pennsylvania–West Virginia border so that mine entrances will open from the West Virginia side, where the state mine safety laws are less strict.

As McAteer points out, there is a 15 per cent profit in coal mining in West Virginia, and that is in large part due to the subsidies afforded the industry by the federal and state government, created by slack law enforcement which makes it possible for coal operators to run their mines with little attention to the safety of the workers, and under general working conditions widely regarded as the worst in the world. The 15 per cent profit is drained off by the big chemical and oil companies which now largely own the coal firms. Most of the money goes out of Appalachia, leaving the state of West Virginia virtually broke.

Meanwhile, the Social Security Administration, charged with making disability payments to miners with black lung disease, has thrown up unbelievably harsh standards to prevent sick miners and their dependents from benefiting from the Federal Coal Mine Health & Safety Act. Miners are told they must work ten years underground to become eligible. SS officials insist on X-rays to prove black lung, even though X-rays are widely questioned as the sole means of determining black lung. Widows seeking benefits are required to furnish a death certificate ascribing death to a lung disease—an unrealistic expectation when a miner may never have been treated for a lung condition.

The SS is denying most black lung claims in the depressed coal heartland of Kentucky. Fifty-seven per cent of all claims were denied, compared to 22 per cent for the rest of the U.S. Less than a quarter of all claims from this region have been decided.

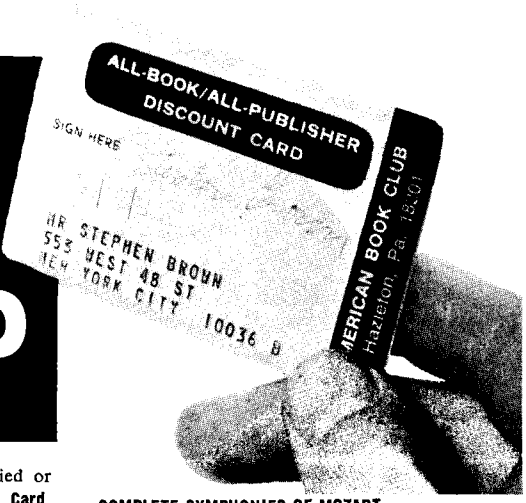
With unemployment running 30 per cent in Appalachian coal towns, the Interior Department announced a $675,000 "pilot effort" to establish a "miner training program" to alleviate an "increasingly serious mining manpower shortage." *Coal Patrol,* a bi-weekly newsletter which follows the machinations of the business, quoted Benjamin L. Hunton, the Bureau of Mines education director, as saying he would make a special effort to attract "the Chicano popuiation, migrant farm workers in states like Alabama and Georgia, and Cuban refugees." Hunton went on to say the industry was too poor to run its own training programs and needed federal assistance. In addition, the Bureau of Mines hoped to recruit some of the new workers for metal mining in Montana, where, as luck would have it, the Labor Department has just finished retraining surplus metal miners for other occupations.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing America's first (and only)

ALL-BOOK/ ALL-PUBLISHER DISCOUNT CARD

*Not available from dealers, wholesalers, retail book establishments or their representatives or sales agents.



- **COMPUTER REGISTERED** *in bearer's name for life (or until de-registration is requested).*
- **ENTITLES BEARER** *to purchase from us at full card discounts any book in print sold in any bookstore in the United States or its Territories or listed anywhere in the American Book Club MASTER RATE CATALOG & GUIDE TO U.S. PUBLISHERS & WHOLESALE BOOK OUTLETS. (See Footnote 1 for Cardholder's discount schedule of up to 81% off original publishers' prices.)*
- **THIS DISCOUNT PRIVILEGE INCLUDES** *all best sellers such as* Future Shock, The Sensuous Woman, Papillon, Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Body Language, Ball Four, Sexual Politics, Inside the Third Reich, Love Story, The Wall Street Jungle, Human Sexual Inadequacy, *etc.; as well as all fiction and non-fiction; all cookbooks; all scientific and technical books; all political, historical, business and financial, biographical, religious, philosophical, art, even reference works, unabridged dictionaries, encyclopedia sets and professional books.* No exclusions.
- **THIS DISCOUNT PRIVILEGE ALSO INCLUDES** *books of* all *major publishers such as Random House, Knopf, Doubleday, Harper & Row, Simon & Shuster, Harvard University Press, Grove Press, etc. Even rare or "specialist" houses.* No exclusions.
- **ACCEPTING THIS CARD** *involves absolutely* no obligation *or commitment to purchase anything, at any time, for any reason.*
- **COMPLETE COST** *of all the ALL-BOOK/ ALL-PUBLISHER DISCOUNT CARD, with full privileges, is $5.* There are no other charges. *This one-time Registration Fee is good for life. You need never renew or pay another fee. (See Footnote 2.)*

HOW TO ORDER AT FULL CARD DISCOUNTS

Simply look up selection(s) you want at discounts up to 81% in the Club's MASTER RATE CATALOG & GUIDE TO U.S. PUBLISHERS & WHOLESALE BOOK OUTLETS (provided free with card; see description below) and note the order number listed beside each book.

Or, you may prefer to order a book currently offered by some *other* book club (that, too, is perfectly all right). Or feel free to request *any* book reviewed or advertised in *any* publication or sold in *any* bookstore. Then – simply send in your order.

HOW MUCH YOU SAVE IN DOLLARS AND CENTS

If you order at the maximum discount of 81%, then the price you may have formerly paid for only *one* book will now bring you up to *five* books. Or, said another way: five $5.95 books, originally published at $29.75, might now be purchased (through your card) for as little as $5.96. At total difference of $23.79. **In any event, no cardholder will ever pay full price for any item purchased with his card.**

Here are some typical orders processed by our IBM-S/360 computers during a typical week. (Note: No comment, criticism or endorsement of any book, publisher or author is implied or intended. Prices subject to change.)

Title	Pub. at	Card Price
GLOSSARY OF THE CONSTRUCTION, ORIGIN & USE OF ARMS & ARMOR	$50.00	$ 9.95
AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE	9.00	6.93
BIRDS OF PREY OF THE WORLD	25.00	9.93
COMPLETE PIANO MUSIC OF BEETHOVEN, 21 stereo LPs, boxed	100.00	19.89
JAMES BEARD OUTDOOR COOKBOOK	12.50	5.89
COWLES COMPREHENSIVE ENCYCLOPEDIA, 3 vols. unabridged	40.00	9.95
DICTIONARY OF ECOLOGY	10.00	3.98
HANDBOOK OF PRESCRIPTION DRUGS	5.00	2.33
COMPLETE SYMPHONIES OF MOZART, 15 stereo LPs, boxed	75.00	19.95
ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ASTROLOGY	10.00	2.98
THE MEMOIRS OF CASANOVA, 6 vols.	30.00	7.89
LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MYTHOLOGY	18.00	9.89
PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE: A PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE	15.00	9.95
THE NEW WEBSTER ENCYCLOPEDIC DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE	40.00	9.94
EARLY AMERICAN HERB RECIPES	10.00	2.98
COMPLETE ORGAN MUSIC OF BACH, 18 stereo LPs, boxed	80.00	19.94
ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE ARTS	15.00	4.96
FINE ART OF CHINESE COOKING	4.00	1.00
STAMP COLLECTOR'S ENCYCLOPEDIA	10.00	2.98
COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF YOGA	10.00	2.49
THE COMPLETE BOOK OF CHEESE	5.00	1.98
HISTORY OF MAGIC & THE SUPERNATURAL	10.00	5.89

(cont'd top of next col.)

FOOTNOTE 1 Club's MASTER RATE CATALOG & GUIDE TO U.S. PUBLISHERS & WHOLESALE BOOK OUTLETS is sent free with your card. Cardholders discount schedule: 75% of all titles in CATALOG are 50% to 81% below original publisher's prices; 18% of titles are 20% or more below original publisher's prices. Even books not listed in MASTER RATE CATALOG may be ordered at discounts up to 10% provided they are still in print. You are also entitled to request, at slight additional cost, the Master Catalog of British Books and – if you so desire – to order any and all British books in print, as well as obtain price quotations and bibliographic searches for research and scholarly purposes.

FOOTNOTE 2 Your $5 Registration Fee (which, incidentally, cardholders generally "amortize" many times over on their first order alone) helps defray cost of respondent materials, acquisition, and programming your name and order-number into battery of IBM-S/360 computers comprising new Computer Control Center which can store over 1½ BILLION characters of information, scan and process book orders at rate of TWO MILLION CHARACTERS PER MINUTE. Currently servicing orders for more than 150,000 booklovers, it is the only such facility of its kind in existence.

FOOTNOTE 3 Cardholders receive only genuine publisher's editions. Conventional book clubs often send members "club editions" – i.e. special "economy" printings using cheaper paper, smaller type, flimsier bindings. Our discounts are never achieved this way. All books are publishers' editions, brand new and bindery fresh – the same item selling for full price in the "bookstore around the corner"

HOW THESE LARGE DISCOUNTS ARE ACHIEVED

Your orders need not pass through a conventional bookstore. Our Computer Control Center and large-volume purchasing helps slash the costs and "mark-ups" of normal book distribution procedures. Resultant savings are passed on to cardholders as discounts of up to 81% off original publisher's prices shown in MASTER RATE CATALOG. (See Footnote 3.)

YOU MUST BE SATISFIED OR MONEY REFUNDED

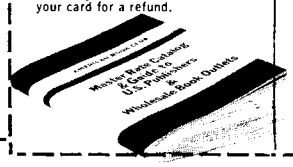
If for any reason you feel your card is not as valuable as we have led you to believe (or even if you have simply changed your mind), you are free to return it within 10 days for a full refund of your Registration Fee. (Please tear card in half before returning.) Naturally, any book you purchase with your card must also satisfy you completely or you may return it for a full refund – no questions asked.

To apply for an ALL-BOOK/ALL-PUBLISHER DISCOUNT CARD, complete and mail the form below. (Should your application not be approved, your Registration Fee will be returned to you at once.) Mail form to ALL-BOOK/ALL-PUBLISHER DISCOUNT CARD, American Book Club, Hazleton, Pa. 18201.

COMPUTER CONTROL CENTER
Currently serving 150,000 booklovers, it bypasses conventional retail bookstores. Shares savings of our "direct-from-publisher" ordering with cardholders through MASTER RATE CATALOG & GUIDE TO U.S. PUBLISHERS & WHOLESALE BOOK OUTLETS. (75% of all titles listed in MASTER RATE CATALOG are 50% to 81% below original publisher's prices.) Also permits cardholders (if they wish) to order any British books in print for additional service charge.

FREE WITH YOUR CARD

Club's MASTER RATE CATALOG & GUIDE TO U.S. PUBLISHERS & WHOLESALE BOOK OUTLETS (unobtainable outside book trade except for cardholders) includes all subject categories: best sellers, fiction and non-fiction, reference works, encyclopedias, unabridged dictionaries, multi-volume sets, publisher specials, remainders, options, etc., at up to 81% BELOW original publishers' prices. Breakdown: approximately 75% of titles in MASTER RATE CATALOG priced 50% to 81% below orig. pub. prices; approximately 18% of titles priced 20% or more below orig. pub. prices. Cardholders never pay full price. MASTER RATE CATALOG remains yours free, without obligation, even if you later decide to return your card for a refund.



APPLICATION FORM

Mail to: **ALL-BOOK/ALL-PUBLISHER DISCOUNT CARD**
American Book Club, Hazleton, Pa. 18201

Please send a registered ALL-BOOK/ALL-PUBLISHER DISCOUNT CARD in my name. (Also forward Club's MASTER RATE CATALOG & GUIDE TO U.S. PUBLISHERS & WHOLESALE BOOK OUTLETS free of extra charge.) I understand that accepting this card does not obligate me to buy anything. But it does entitle me to order books from MASTER RATE CATALOG at discounts up to 81% off orig. pub. prices, plus shipping. Enclosed is my one-time Registration Fee of only $5. **There are no other charges for the rest of my life.** If not satisfied, I am free to return card within 10 days for a full refund of my Registration Fee. **But MASTER RATE CATALOG will be mine to keep free, whether I decide to remain a cardholder or not.**

☐ My $5 fee encl. or ☐ Chge. My Master Chge. #_____

Name _____ Initial here. I am not a book dealer, and will not resell books purchased with card at a higher price.

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

• *If your card is lost or stolen please notify American Book Club at above address without delay.*

223

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Green Revolution

There is considerable speculation as to whether through our exports of diseased corn we are spreading the blight around the world.

THE SOUTHERN corn leaf blight, which already has severely damaged the U.S. corn crop, could cause an ecological nightmare abroad. This blight occurs because seed companies push a type of hybrid corn characterized by cytoplasmic male sterility, far cheaper to produce than other types of corn. Its susceptibility to blight has long been known.

Development of a hybrid corn involves the crossing of inbred lines. In seed production, one of the seed parents must be prevented from producing pollen. Before introduction of the use of male sterile cytoplasm, this was done by hiring crews of laborers to remove tassels, the male part of the corn plant, which produce pollen. The male sterile lines have tassels but don't produce pollen, and consequently eliminate the expense of hiring laborers for detassling.

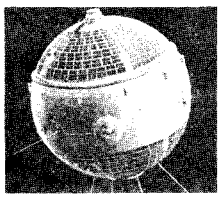
The great bulk of U.S. corn is of the T-cytoplasm kind. While the blight was observed in the strain as long as ten years ago in the Philippines, it had not occurred widely in the United States. Then, last spring, it broke out in Georgia and spread like a plague across the Middle West, and from Texas up into southern Ontario. According to the U.S. Agriculture Department, corn yields in 1970 declined by ten per cent to 4.1 billion bushels. In some states the effects are much more severe. Illinois, for instance, estimates 30 per cent of the crop is ruined. While seed companies are working to produce a blight-resistant seed, they will not be ready by this spring. This year the blight is expected to become worse and to begin to cause major effects. Reduction in the corn harvest will have an effect on our economy and can cause grave ramifications in poor nations.

Because of the reduced corn yields, corn futures are moving higher. Corn is a major feed for cattle and hogs. With feed prices going up, hog production is expected to decline, and pork prices will begin to move up. Cattle will be shifted from corn feed, which will affect the leanness of the meat and its price in consumer markets.

The U.S. supplies nearly one quarter of feed grains for the world livestock markets, and hence reduction in the corn harvest here may reduce the amounts in the foreign markets—and that, in turn, will affect the types of livestock raised abroad and the quality of that meat.

There are now indications that the Southern corn leaf blight is transmitted within the corn seed. (Recent research at the Universities of Illinois and Georgia and at Purdue suggests this to be the case.) The U.S. exports 46.8 million pounds of seed corn worth $4.7 million a year to the rest of the world. We are the largest exporter of seeds in the world. As a result there is considerable speculation as to whether through our exports of diseased seed corn we are spreading the blight around the world. This blight is now occurring in Japan, the Philippines, Africa and Latin America. Agriculturalists from other countries are urgently asking for advice. Experts in Australia and New Zealand, where the blight has not yet broken out, are asking experts here whether they should not treat imported U.S. seed corn as poison. The effect in Thailand, where all seed corn comes from the U.S., could be serious.

In the meantime, agricultural researchers are confident they will develop a resistant strain of corn, and the seed companies have reverted to hand-detassling other strains of corn. In order to produce inexpensive seed corn for U.S. farmers, the seed firms grow the seeds in poor countries of Latin America, where it can be detassled cheaply and then shipped to the United States.



World Spy

Two British industrialists told a Conservative Party Seminar that the U.S. employed satellites for economic espionage.

NASA'S INSANE PLAN to orbit an earth resources technology satellite at a cost of $100 million is becoming an embarrassment to the government and has caused an international quarrel.

Current plans are to orbit one satellite in 1972, and another the year after. The idea is for the satellite to take pictures of the world from 500 miles up, and thereby provide detailed information on crop diseases, mineral resources, snow run-offs, etc. But scientists doubt whether the camera will be very effective from 500 miles up. The leading opponent of the scheme, Amrom Katz, a RAND consultant, argues it would be far less expensive to take pictures by airplane than satellite. He claims airplane pictures would cost $0.43 per square mile, as compared to the satellite cost of $7.60.

NASA caused an international controversy in proposing the scheme. Two British industrialists, Pardoe of Hawker-Siddeley and O'Hagan of Standard Telephone & Cable, told a Conservative Party seminar that the U.S. employed satellites for economic espionage. The French journal *Air et Cosmos,* in noting

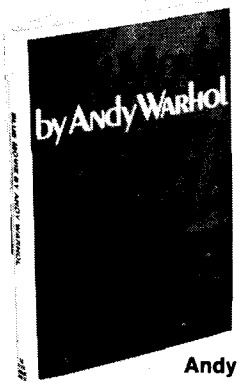
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All 3 of these extraordinary illustrated film books FREE with Your Subscription to EVERGREEN REVIEW

...The most exciting, tuned-in magazine published today

EVENTS

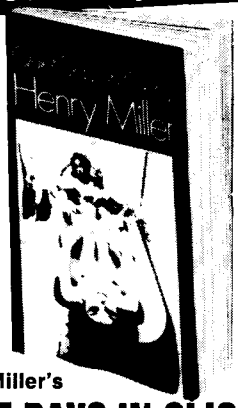
EVENTS made by Fred Baker is about a young filmmaker who must make some stag films to raise money.
Here is the full script with over 100 photos from the hit film. EVENTS shows a series of actual happenings as the filmmaker, his young girl friend and assorted GreenwichVillage companions make a pornographic movie. *"A climactic orgy sequence which shatters the few remaining theatrical sex pix conventions."* (Variety)



Andy Warhol's

BLUE MOVIE

BLUE MOVIE set new box office records in New York's Greenwich Village before it was raided by New York City police, an almost unheard of censorship in this day and age. Here is first publication of complete text and over 100 pictures from this film. As Archer Winston said in the New York Post, *"Warhol shows what the Swedes and Danes won't or can't."*



Henry Miller's

QUIET DAYS IN CLICHY

Combine Henry Miller's million-copy bestseller with a major movie and include 75 movie stills and you have a marvelously readable and stimulating version of a classic work suppressed in this country for many years. *"One of the freshest, funniest movies in many a year. It will run into censorship trouble galore... After this Danish film, all shot-from-the-hip porno will seem tame."* (Variety)

Plus A SUBSCRIPTION SAVING OF 25% AS YOU ENJOY ADULT, ADVENTUROUS READING IN THE MAGAZINE THAT IS IN TODAY'S CULTURAL SPOTLIGHT

Yes, take not one, but all three of these lavishly illustrated new film books FREE as our Anniversary Gift to celebrate a new phase of the exciting cultural explosion we are living in.

Now you, too, can enjoy each month "... *one of the most important literary periodicals in the U.S.*" (NEWSWEEK), bringing you the most adult—the most literate—the most exciting and meaningful writing, theatre and art on today's cultural scene. Every issue is a fresh experience, filled with the work of the most gifted writers, artists, playwrights, and filmmakers in the world today. Especially exciting things have been happening in the world of films as today's moviemakers open up new doors to awareness of our lives and the world around us and help break down outdated concepts of what is "permissible." Over 300,000 readers of EVERGREEN (grown from 25,000 just three years ago) are provoked, stimulated and delighted each month with such articles and features as these, drawn from recent issues;

- **WOODSTOCK**—A conversation with two "genuine freak" moviemakers—Director Michael Wadleigh and Cameraman Bob Maurice—discussing the making of the film and its near massacre in Hollywood's meat grinder.
- **BILLY GRAHAM AND FRIEND**—The hard-to-believe scene of the preacher advising the President of the U.S. on questions of state.
- **OH! CALCUTTA!** Two short plays from the startling hit "entertainment" with eye-filling on-stage photographs.
- **MARIJUANA AND SEX**—A University Professor reports on astonishing interviews with 200 users.
- **ELDRIDGE CLEAVER RAPS**—A no-holds barred interview with the Black Panther Minister of Information.
- **THE NEW EROTICISM**—A noted art critic surveys and illustrates the new sexuality in the world of painting, sculpture and dance.
- **EASY RIDER**—Behind-the-scenes conversation with Dennis Hopper, co-author, director, co-star of the film smash of the year.
- **THE BEARD**—the full text of the sensational "funny, fast and authentically outrageous brilliant little monster of a play." (Newsweek)
- **EP (EPIDERMAL) ART**—Six colorful pages of eight fantastic females illustrating this wild art form.
- **I WAS CURIOUS**—Excerpts from the diary of this sensational Swedish film kept by the Director.
- **WHITE WOMAN—BLACK MAN**—Julius Lester talks first with the wife, then with the husband, to provide a moving picture of a mixed marriage.
- **A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT EROTICA**—Alain Robbe-Grillet, one of France's most distinguished novelists, expresses his intriguing views on everything sexual from Kinsey to Cardinale.
- **CONFESSIONS OF A HIPPIE**—An exclusive interview telling it like it is on the hippie scene... sex, drugs, babies, homosexuality.

AND MORE, MORE, MORE!

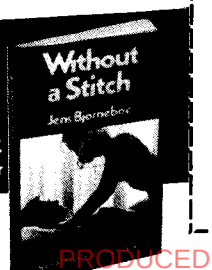
Exciting? Yes. Provocative? Yes. Fresh and literate? Yes. Why miss out on the Evergreen Review explosion? Take advantage of this introductory subscription at the low rate of only $9 for the next year—12 issues at a saving of $3 from the newsstand price. And at the same time, you receive the three exciting books shown here as your FREE BONUS. There never was a better time to see the new monthly Evergreen Review.

PLUS FREE CLUB MEMBERSHIP

—You also receive full benefits of membership in the Evergreen Club, the only Club of its kind that makes available honest, powerful, adult books which may never show up at your corner bookstore. Members **never** have to buy any book ever, but if they do, they benefit from unusually low Club prices. Your membership is completely free.

Plus WITHOUT A STITCH

Jens Bjorneboe's smash hit movie of 19-year-old Lillian, told by herself, taking the reader on an uninhibited European journey of astonishing adventures. Includes 22 stills from the film. Yours FREE simply for saving the bother of bookkeeping and billing on your introductory subscription.



3 (NO-) Books FREE — Mail Today

EVERGREEN REVIEW R-19
214 Mercer Street, New York, N.Y. 10012

Gentlemen: I wish to take advantage of your offer which entitles me to one year (12 issues) of *Evergreen Review* at the low rate of $9 (saves 25% from the newsstand price). I'll also receive as a Gift one copy each of *Events*, *Blue Movie*, and *Quiet Days in Clichy*. In addition, I am to receive all benefits of Evergreen Club Membership with no obligation to buy any book ever.

SPECIAL BONUS OFFER! If you enclose payment now, you will receive a free copy of a 4th book, *Without A Stitch*.

☐ Enclosed is my check for $9 ☐ Please bill me

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ *SAVE $2 more: Check here if you prefer 2 years (24 issues) at only $16 (an extra saving of $2)—**plus all free books as above.***

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these statements, declared, "According to these two specialists, 'There is absolutely no doubt that the Americans are utilizing photographs taken from satellites in order to delimit the terrestrial zones which would justify prospecting for minerals and oils.' To support this thesis Mr. Pardoe cites the surprising success achieved by the American prospecting company in North Africa and the Middle East in zones which no one long had thought of up until then.

"Mr. O'Hagan goes even further, since he declares, 'Americans have purchased in foreign countries, lands containing mineral riches based on information furnished by photographs from satellites for the study of terrestrial resources.' Mr. Pardoe, for his part, affirmed that only 13 photos of the 8000 taken during the flight of Apollo 7 have been published as of now, the others having been classified because of their too great resolution."

Air et Cosmos continues, "One certain fact is that up until now satellites for the study of terrestrial resources fly over—or have flown over—a great part of the globe, but that they are not controlled in any way by the countries flown over. The only controlling authority is the one who puts them in orbit; and it's only that one which decides to communicate to the third country, information received of interest on a national scale."

In an effort to squirm out of this mess, NASA is said to have offered the earth resources satellite to the World Bank in hopes that it might organize a Comsat-type world organization to run the operation. However, officials at the bank are reported to be skeptical.

Savings (?) Bonds

"If you consider redemption vs. sales, you'll see how futile those bond drives are. Redemptions are higher than Savings Bond people let on."

SELLING FIVE-and-a-half per cent bonds in an eight per cent money market during six per cent inflation has got to be tough. And it's tougher still when you consider that right down the hall from the Savings Bond department, the U.S. Treasury is issuing the real, genuine government securities, now yielding about eight per cent to the smart-money set —those business and community leaders touting the five per cent bonds among the common folk.

But the Savings Bond people say their annual flag-waving in the face of the highest money rates since the Civil War is going swimmingly. They hope to raise $5 billion in low-cost money this year.

Patriotic employers who push the payroll deduction plan among their workers account for nearly three-fourths of the bond sales. In Baltimore, General Motors set a company goal of 90 per cent "participation," and nearly 95 per cent of the assembly employees signed up.

Presumably the company didn't indicate that it would be cheaper for employees to borrow from the credit union and buy eight per cent bonds. Nor did GM's patriotic blurb mention how many GM executives are investing their spare change in Savings Bonds.

And in recent years Middle Americans have been given a special Middle-American reason for buying Savings Bonds: a pseudo beauty contest, complete with free trip to Florida.

The Treasury—abetted by a car manufacturer and a Florida developer —designates one family in each state as an "All-American family." Fifty lucky families then travel to Florida, where one housewife is crowned Mrs. U.S. Savings Bonds amid much patriotic ballyhoo. Specific criteria for picking the winner are rather vague—the chief attribute apparently being the inner beauty a woman manifests through her devotion to Savings Bonds.

"The Savings Bond People are making a valiant effort," says a spokesman for the Treasury's securities department. "They're couching their pitch in patriotic slogans."

The two branches are friendly competitors in the money marketplace. The securities people, however, paid 7.34 per cent when they went to the market last year. And a government security will—right now—yield an investor more than eight per cent per annum if held to maturity. At midsummer some yields surpassed 8.25 per cent.

"If you consider redemption versus sales," the securities specialist says, "you'll see how futile those bond drives really are. Redemptions are a lot higher than the Savings Bond people like to let on.

"But I guess the income really is important to the government. It's cheap money at five per cent."

There are many other federal employees who think even less of the bonds. The government's annual in-house shakedown traditionally incites cries of "intimidation."

The Savings Bond people have a wide gamut of pitches, depending on whom they're addressing. To the employers they send a flyer entitled "Thrift Is a Stable Employee." It continues:

"Stability of employment remains a requisite for industrial prosperity. Stability requires security, which is sure to involve saving and the American tradition of thrift. Most employees of industry want to save money. Many of them do—sometimes regularly and systematically; more often, rarely or sporadically. Far too many don't save at all. Yet, there is a way to save. Regularly. Systematically. Painlessly. Safely. The employee simply signs up for the Payroll Savings Plan . . . the plan that has brought financial assurance to millions of Americans since 1941. . . . Enlightened self-interest by far-sighted industrial management has long since recognized the fact that a thrifty employee is a stable employee."

Included in one of the sales gambits is a bond promotional film featuring a "behavioral scientist" who presents a rationale for the bond buyer. Weekly saving, he says, involves 52 decisions, one each week. Much better, he advises, to make one commitment: sign

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Trial of the Germans
Nuremberg
J. Harry Williams
Huey Long
Alfred A. Knopf
THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR
GROUSSET
God's Englishman
The Great Terror
GEORGE WASHINGTON
July
Anti-Intellectualism in American Life
Richard Hofstadter
THE ASSASSINATION OF JOHN F. KENNEDY
The Lost Crusade
Which 3 of these major works of history and world affairs would you like FOR ONLY 99¢ FOR ALL THREE WITH YOUR FIRST HISTORY BOOK CLUB MEMBERSHIP CHOICE

First price is Publisher's List; **boldface** shows Member's Price.

757. GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE NEW NATION: 1783-93 (Volume III) *By James Thomas Flexner.* A moving portrait of Washington, in debt and poor health, sacrificing retirement to help lead America toward unity and stability. **$12.50/$8.50**

460. HITLER: A STUDY IN TYRANNY *By Alan Bullock.* The definitive work. **$10.00/$6.95**

657. THE CREATION OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC, 1776-1787 *By Gordon S. Wood.* The evolution of American political thought from 1776 to the making of the Constitution. Bancroft Award winner. **$15.00/$9.95**

543. ANCIENT EUROPE *By Stuart Piggott.* From 6000 B.C. to the Roman era, a fascinating survey of prehistoric barbarian Europe. 194 illustrations. **$10.00/$7.50**

726. A HISTORY OF THE AFRICAN PEOPLE *By Robert W. July.* Their richly complicated history, ancient to present times. Highly readable. Filled with facts, not special pleading. **$15.00/$8.95**

677. WITCHCRAFT AT SALEM *By Chadwick Hansen.* A fresh, objective reinterpretation of the original documents. **$6.95/$5.75**

607. FROM SLAVERY TO FREEDOM: A History of Negro Americans *By John Hope Franklin.* A top-ranking historian traces the Negroes' course from African origins to contemporary North and South America. **$12.00/$7.40**

671. MEDIEVAL HISTORY: The Life and Death of a Civilization (2nd Edition) *By Norman F. Cantor.* A lucid, lively and readable book on the total history of the middle ages. **$10.95/$8.50**

762. GOD'S ENGLISHMAN: OLIVER CROMWELL AND THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION *By Christopher Hill.* An amazingly objective "warts and all" analysis of Cromwell's problems, opinions, failings and accomplishments that puts his place in history into proper perspective. **$7.95/$6.75**

645. THE GREAT TERROR: Stalin's Purge of the Thirties *By Robert Conquest.* The grim and ruthless campaign, its arrests, its interrogations, the mass slaughter and their effects on Russian life and culture. **$9.95/$7.40**

Winner of Pulitzer Prize and National Book Award

700. HUEY LONG *By T. Harry Williams.* Buffoon, menace, dictator—yet voice of an authentic American radicalism. The first full-length study of his life. **$12.50/$7.95**

554. THE TRIAL OF THE GERMANS: Nuremberg, 1945-46 *By Eugene Davidson.* Twenty-two brilliant studies of the war criminals which build a total picture of Nazi Germany. **$12.50/$8.95**

369. THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR *By Hugh Thomas.* A spellbinder—the complete history of the grim "dress rehearsal for World War Two." **$12.50/$8.50**

661. A HISTORY OF THE VIKINGS *By Gwyn Jones.* Their progress traced from prehistory to 1066, from Russia and Constantinople to North America. **$9.75/$6.95**

687. ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE *By Richard Hofstadter.* America's historical suspicion of intellectuals—its roots and meaning. Pulitzer Prize winner. **$7.95/$5.95**

734. WELLINGTON: THE YEARS OF THE SWORD *By Elizabeth Longford.* Intimate details gleaned from family archives by a descendent of Wellington's wife provide a myth-shattering characterization of The Iron Duke. **$10.00/$7.50**

621. THE INDIAN HERITAGE OF AMERICA *By Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.* The history, archaeology, and ethnology of all Indian cultures in the Americas since the Ice Age. **$10.00/$6.95**

764. THE LOST CRUSADE: AMERICA IN VIETNAM *By Chester Cooper.* A State Department official's inside analysis of America's involvement in Vietnam, the mistakes we made there, and the ways we might be able to get out. **$12.00/$7.95**

746. EMPIRE OF THE STEPPES: A History of Central Asia *By René Grousset.* The great French historical account of the Mongolian and Turkish invasions in its first English translation. **$17.50/$9.95**

689. THE ANCIENT MEDITERRANEAN *By Michael Grant.* The first truly modern account bringing together history, geography, archeology, and the arts to reconstruct life on the Mediterranean shores from the first traces of man to the fall of Rome. **$8.95/$6.75**

751. ASSASSINATION OF JOHN F. KENNEDY: The Reasons Why *By Albert H. Newman.* The result of six years of research—a rigorously objective inquiry into the great unanswered question of Oswald's motive. **$10.00/$7.75**

Three good reasons to join The History Book Club:

- **Dramatic savings.** As a trial member, you can save over 50% on your choice of the finest works of history and world affairs—more than 130 titles to choose from each month.
- **Liberal bonus plan.** You are free to select your bonus books from our entire list...no restrictions as in most clubs. After trial membership, you earn a bonus certificate with every four books you purchase.
- **Exceptional quality.** The History Book Club always brings you new volumes identical with or superior to original publishers' editions ...never economy "book club" reprints.

ENROLL NOW TO RECEIVE UP TO $47.50 WORTH OF FINE BOOKS FOR ONLY 99¢

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB, Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please send the introductory package of books indicated below. Bill me 99c for the three. At the same time, send the membership book I have also indicated and bill me for it at the low Member's Price.

I understand that I may return the books within 2 weeks if I am not delighted with them and that their return will automatically cancel my membership. Otherwise I shall complete my Trial Membership by purchasing 4 more selections during the coming year from among more than 150 offered at money-saving Member's Prices each month in the Club Review. I may choose any of these instead of the Editor's Choice,or no book at all, simply by returning the reply card which accompanies the Review.

Completion of my Trial Membership will entitle me to choose a Bonus Book for every 4 books I purchase thereafter.

(NOTE: A small postage and packing charge is added to each shipment.)

Fill in numbers of your three introductory books, 99¢ for all three ☐ ☐ ☐

Fill in number of your choice at member's price ☐

Name_____ (please print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

In Canada, same savings. Shipment of books and all services will be handled within Canada. Bonus plan differs slightly. RA 11S

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB • *Stamford, Conn. 06904*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the payroll savings card.

The Savings Bond people reluctantly admit their low-brow pitch. "We've never said, 'Look, we'll make you rich,' " says one official. "But we say, 'We'll offer you a good way to save your money and take the pain away.'

"We derive 70 per cent of our sales from payroll deductions. We're dealing with the guy who wouldn't save normally, the guy who can't afford to save."

Actually, there may be more method in the Treasury's "savings" pitch than meets the eye. Government bonds securities have traditionally been sold in $1000 denominations, but last March the Treasury cut the average wage-earner out of the Treasury Bill market by upping its lowest denomination to $10,000.

The Treasury blamed a lack of computerization for its inability to shuffle papers fast enough to keep proper track of the short-term obligations. But lack of computers hasn't hindered the Savings Bond people; they've had it for years.

Also unavailable to the man in the street is the tax-exempt municipal bond —cherished haven for the rich man's money. The smallest denomination available is $1000, in lots of five. A study by economist Robert Lampman revealed that in 1953 the upper one per cent of America's wealthy held 100 per cent of these bonds.

And beyond the Treasury's issues, there's a host of other government and quasi-government agencies marketing bonds with yields recently hovering around eight per cent. The Federal National Mortgage Association and the Home Loan Bank, for instance, are continually going to the money market. And these agency issues are backed by the U.S. government, and ultimately the Treasury.

An old trick among bond buyers is to list them in the names of their spouses and children, cutting the Internal Revenue out of its share of the interest. This year, the Savings Bond people have "discovered" this dodge. They're busy telling prospective bond buyers to buy bonds in their baby's name on the presumption he won't earn enough to pay taxes.

Beating the IRS branch of the Treasury isn't normal Treasury policy—but then, it's good business.

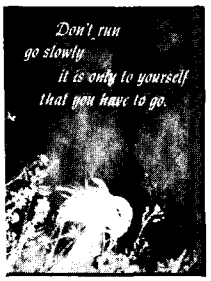
—JOHN PHILLIPS

Mayday

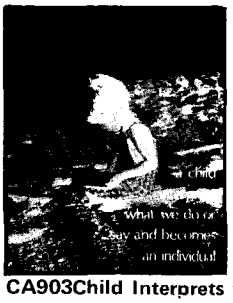
• Most government departments now provide broadcasters with special numbers which they can call day or night for recordable messages from high officials on timely events. Thus, one can get Romney on volunteerism, or Laird on body counts, direct for the local audience. While broadcasters loathe this gimmicky propaganda technique, stations are playing the records more often as they cut back on news staff. The Democratic National Committee, which pioneered the recording scheme in 1964, now offers a special "Black Voices" record for black stations. It features well-known black Democrats mouthing the Party line. • Senator Lee Metcalf's recent investigation of university finances provides detailed analysis of university involvement in corporate activities. Harvard's interties with Middle South Utilities through Treasurer George Bennett are well known. There are others: Howard Butcher, the financier who took such an interest in promoting the Penn-Central merger, also is a University of Pennsylvania trustee and head of the university's investment committee. Against other professional advice Butcher insisted on sinking $4 million of U of Penn funds into the Penn-Central Co. By the time the university bailed out, it had lost $3 million. • Bella Abzug, the new congresswoman from New York, offended the propriety of the House on her first visit there by wearing a hat. When an assistant to the doorkeeper asked her to remove the hat, Abzug declared, "Tell the doorkeeper to go fuck himself." • According to J. Edgar Hoover, the FBI has "recruited 50 per cent of our 1000 new agents from the officer corps in Vietnam." *Army Times* quotes the FBI chief as saying, "You get a man who has been in command of men and he has to use good judgment. They all have to be above average in personal appearance. You won't find long hair or sideburns à la Namath here. There are no hippies." • At Fort Bragg, North Carolina, in the fall of 1970, the Army launched a highly publicized anti-drug program, Operation Awareness, whereby addicts could get medical attention without facing prosecution. Of the first 69 volunteers, 4 have been cured, 10 are still receiving treatment and 55 have dropped out. • Some 500,000 veterans are unemployed at present, despite the Army's highly publicized training and placement services (which channel men primarily into police and defense jobs). It turns out that the same superpatriot businessmen who cheer "our boys" in Vietnam despise them back home. Take, for example, the New York State Chamber of Commerce. It has just published a pamphlet, "Drug Abuse As a Business Problem," advising members not to hire vets. The pamphlet begins, bluntly: "With the spread of drug abuse in schools and among the armed forces in Vietnam, it would be unrealistic for business to assume it could recruit from these markets and not risk bringing drug abuse, narcotic addicts and pushers into companies, despite all the sophisticated screening tests available." • That general who received a Silver Star for valor he never displayed in Vietnam isn't the only American soldier to be so rewarded. The Army seems to have a policy of giving out more medals, as military success (and morale) dwindles. In 1968, some 437,000 medals of various kinds were awarded; in the first *eight months* of 1970, with fewer troops performing fewer missions and a lower injury rate (i.e., fewer "Purple Hearts"), the number of medals was up to 486,000! In the case of colonels and generals being decorated, the actual pinning-on-the-chest is not usually done in front of formation these days, because the troops have taken to laughing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

B/W Poster 900 Series 17½x23 800 Series 19x25



A313 Yourself

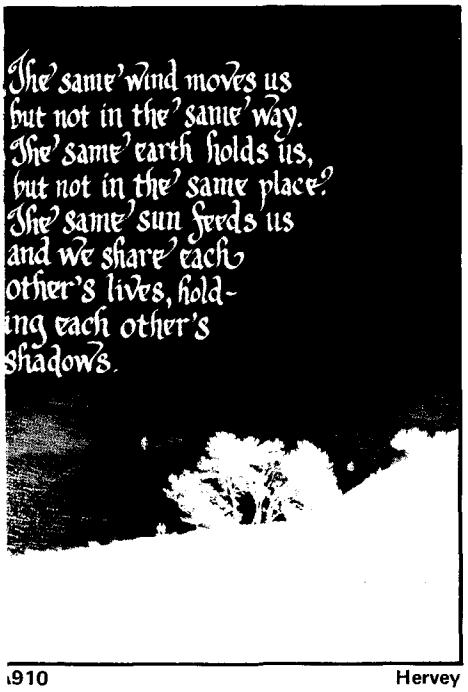


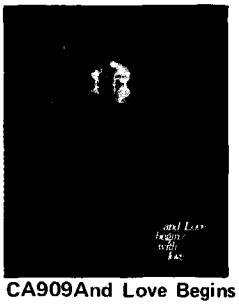
CA903Child Interprets

CA905 Just Like Me

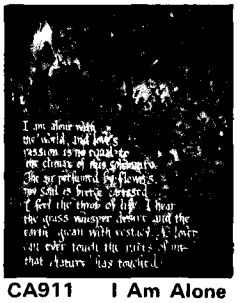
CA906From Near the Earth

CA907The World and I


The same wind moves us
but not in the same way.
The same earth holds us,
but not in the same place.
The same sun feeds us
and we share each
other's lives, hold-
ing each other's
shadows.
A910 Hervey


CA909And Love Begins

CA908 Hidden

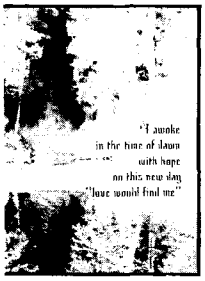

CA911 I Am Alone

CA912 A Man

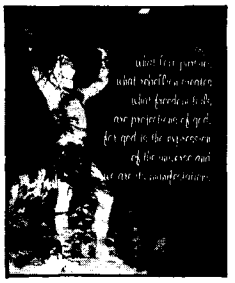
CA901 Child Feels

CA312 Child of Universe

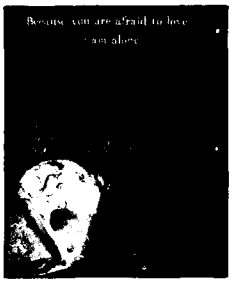
love posters from celestial arts

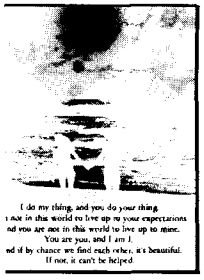


A827 I Awoke

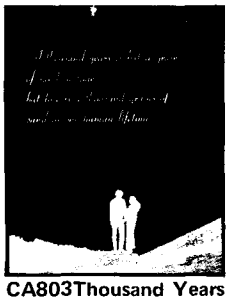

CA828 Love Pursues

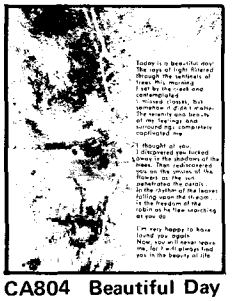
CA801 Solitude

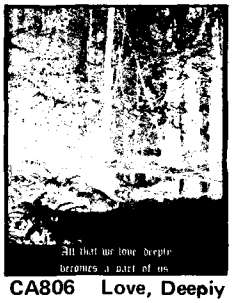

CA802 Because



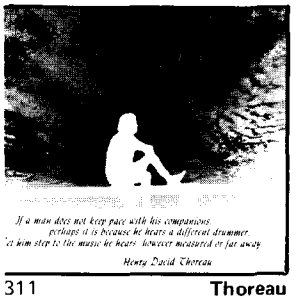
A310 Perls


CA803Thousand Years

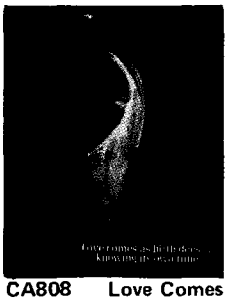

CA804 Beautiful Day



CA806 Love, Deepiy


If a man does not keep pace with his companions
perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer
let him step to the music he hears however measured or far away
Henry David Thoreau
A311 Thoreau

CA807With Each Other


CA808 Love Comes

CA809Love and Nature

ALL POSTERS $1.98

☐ CA801	☐ CA827	☐ CA905
☐ CA802	☐ CA828	☐ CA906
☐ CA803	☐ CA310	☐ CA907
☐ CA804	☐ CA311	☐ CA908
☐ CA806	☐ CA312	☐ CA909
☐ CA807	☐ CA313	☐ CA910
☐ CA808	☐ CA901	☐ CA911
☐ CA809	☐ CA903	☐ CA912

Special Offer: 5 for $8.95

Send Reproductions checked. Check or Money order enclosed for $, plus 75¢ for postage and handling -- NO C.O.D.'s.

Order your favorite poster in card form (envelopes included), $5.98 per dozen.CA310,CA311,CA312,CA827, CA828 and CA313 not available.

☐ CA801-C	☐ CA808-C	☐ CA907-C
☐ CA802-C	☐ CA809-C	☐ CA908-C
☐ CA803-C	☐ CA901-C	☐ CA909-C
☐ CA804-C	☐ CA903-C	☐ CA910-C
☐ CA806-C	☐ CA905-C	☐ CA911-C
☐ CA807-C	☐ CA906-C	☐ CA912-C

Special Offer: 2 doz. cds. $9.95

$ enclosed for doz. cards plus 75¢ for postage & handling.

Name

Address

City State Zip

California residents add 5½% sales tax

Dealers please inquire

CELESTIAL ARTS – 1345 HOWARD SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. 94103

1971 Celestial Arts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mieczyslaw Moczar

Wladyslaw Gomulka

Exit Gomulka

by Tamara Deutscher

FOR WLADYSLAW GOMULKA, the wheel of history may appear to have come full circle: The former boss of Poland and of its ruling party was swept to his exalted position, which he held for 14 years, on a wave of violence, demonstrations and street-fighting; another wave of riots and disorders has now swamped and engulfed him irredeemably. But here the parallel ends, for "violence has many faces."

On June 28, 1956, in Poznán, an industrial town in western Poland, workers spontaneously poured out of their factories into the streets, attacking with desperation and recklessness the forces of Stalinist "law and order." The workers' leaders, first branded as anarchists, hooligans and criminal elements, quite soon turned the tables on the "strong-arm" bureaucrats, who scattered in fright before the mounting anger which began to manifest itself in cities and towns all over the country. The workers, whose demands were soon declared justified, were joined by the intelligentsia—by students and professors, by teachers and doctors, lawyers and artists—and even by generals in the armed forces, all of whom loudly demanded the return of Gomulka to the leadership.

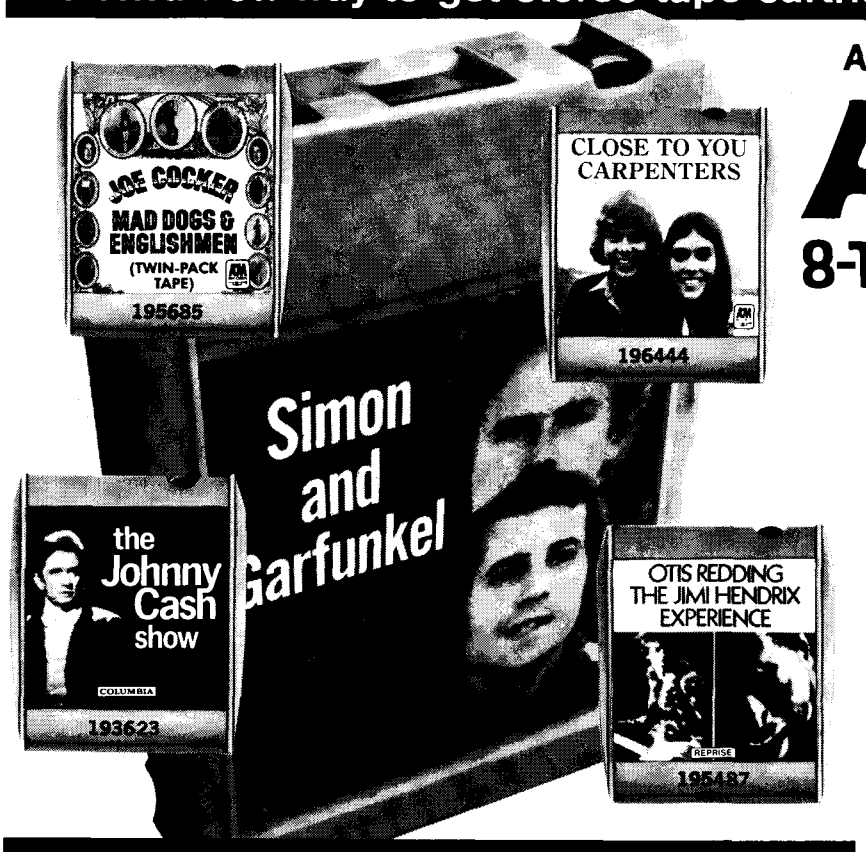
"Comrade Wieslaw"—as he was then affectionately called—had spent the previous five or six years in detention and had regained his liberty, together with thousands upon thousands of other political prisoners, only a few months before. While he was in prison, his legend grew and expanded, and by the time he was brought to power, amid great enthusiasm and unbounded hopes, different people expected very different (and contradictory) things from him.

One must remember that 1956 was a year of great political tremors: Stalin was dead and Khrushchev had just delivered his not-so-secret speech denouncing the great tyrant, his misdeeds and crimes. A strong libertarian wind of change was blowing over Russia and over the whole of Eastern Europe, a wind, which, over Hungary, acquired the force of a hurricane. When, on October 21, 1956, Gomulka became the First Secretary of the Party, and his friends and comrades—fully rehabil-

Wide World Photos

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now...a new way to get stereo tape cartridges – at great savings!



As your introduction, choose

ANY 3

8-TRACK CARTRIDGES

FOR ONLY **$1.00** plus mailing and handling

when you join now, and agree to purchase as few as four additional cartridges during the coming year, from the more than 600 to be offered

YES, THAT'S RIGHT! You may have any 3 of the best-selling 8-track cartridges shown here—ALL 3 for only $1.00! That's the fabulous bargain for new members who join now and agree to purchase as few as four additional selections in the coming year.

As a member you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Club's buying guide. Each issue offers scores of *different cartridges to choose from—the best-sellers* from over 50 different labels!

If you want only the regular selection of your main musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. Or you may order any of the other cartridges offered . . . or take no cartridge at all . . . just by returning the convenient selection card by the date specified. What's more, from time to time the Club will offer some special cartridges which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided . . . or accept by doing nothing.

YOUR OWN CHARGE ACCOUNT! Upon enrollment, we will open a charge account in your name. You pay for your cartridges *only after you've received them—and are enjoying* them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $6.98 (some special cartridges somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

FANTASTIC BONUS PLAN! Once you've completed your enrollment agreement, you'll get a cartridge of your choice FREE (plus 25¢ mailing and handling) for every two cartridges you buy! That's like getting a 33⅓% discount from regular Club prices on all the 8-track cartridges you want . . . for as long as you want!

Columbia Tape Club
a service of
Columbia House
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

COLUMBIA TAPE CLUB
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

Please accept me as a member of the Club. I've indicated below the three cartridges I wish to receive for $1.00, plus mailing and handling. I agree to purchase four more selections during the coming year at the regular Club price under the terms outlined in this advertisement . . . and I may cancel my membership any time thereafter. If I continue, I will be eligible for the Club's generous bonus plan.

SEND ME THESE 3 CARTRIDGES (fill in numbers below):

My main musical interest is (check one box only):
☐ Easy Listening ☐ Today's Sounds ☐ Country

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss (Please print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

© 1971 CBS Direct Marketing Services SC-508/S71

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

itated—took over the Politbureau and the government, we were witnessing a rebirth of Poland, the "Spring of the People" who basked in its feeble but promising rays of sunshine. Now, in 1971, Poland is in the grip of a severe winter; a freezing wind is blowing from the East, and nothing so far portends an early thaw.

The disorders and riots which broke out in the Baltic towns and ports on the evening of December 15, 1970, and claimed 300 dead and wounded within a week, were sparked directly by the government's high-handed and dictatorial announcement of a tremendous rise in prices of foodstuffs—a rise as high as 33 per cent on some items. Overnight, beef, pork, bread and flour went up by an average of nearly 20 per cent, and the housewife whose great ambition is to gather her family around an abundantly laid-out table on Christmas eve saw her purchasing power drastically cut. It must have been a very poor consolation to her that the cost of refrigerators went down by 15 per cent.

ALTHOUGH THE DECREE about the rise in prices came on suddenly, it was no secret to anyone that the Polish economy was limping badly and during the previous two years had been going from bad to worse. Two very poor harvests in a row left Poland with a deficit of four million tons of grain; the crop in 1970 was lower by 22 per cent than in 1969. Shortage of fodder reduced the cattle population; and even the number of pigs, which contentedly multiply on a rather less scientific diet, fell by one million—a major blow to the traditionally pork-eating country. Despite higher investment in industry, bungling and incompetence resulted in the production of goods which nobody wants or can afford to buy—especially since well over 50 per cent of a family's budget goes for food.

No number of quacks with placebos seems to be able to cure Poland's economy of its chronic sickness. But it is doubtful whether even the best doctors would find a quick and painless remedy. The focus of the illness lies in the perennial problem of the relation between the countryside and the towns. The Polish peasantry, which still accounts for over 40 per cent of the population (66 per cent before the war) is still the most stubbornly conservative social class. It is highly paradoxical that precisely this class benefited most from the communist regime. The pre-war days of hunger and poverty in the countryside seem a century away. There are no more children in rags, with empty and swollen tummies; they all go to school and, unlike their fathers and grandfathers, they all wear shoes. The standard of living of the Polish peasantry is well over six times higher than before the war, while that of the workers and the intelligentsia has gone down.

The enriched and well-fed Polish peasant has not, however, become any more enlightened. The countryside is as obscurantist and priest-ridden as before, perhaps even more so. Before the war, the villager was, here and there, slightly touched by anti-clericalism, because he resented the high tariffs for mass, weddings, funerals and other unavoidable services the priest provided; now he pays him more cheerfully, because he knows that the clergy is allied with him in his hostility towards the towns and the rulers, and that it represents the only legally organized force of resistance vis-à-vis the regime. The churches are full every Sunday and the ranks of the many thousands of true believers—and bigots—who make their Ascension Day pilgrimage to the miraculous picture of the Holy Virgin in the Czestochowa shrine are swollen by a tremendous throng of those who, under the wings of the church, demonstrate against the government. Of course, the sharks of private enterprise enjoy a brisk and highly profitable trade in all manner of liturgical and holy objects. (They even managed to sell pictures of Karl Marx to the credulous: by skillfully painting over the hirsute head a large and shiny halo, they presented him as a new St. Joseph.)

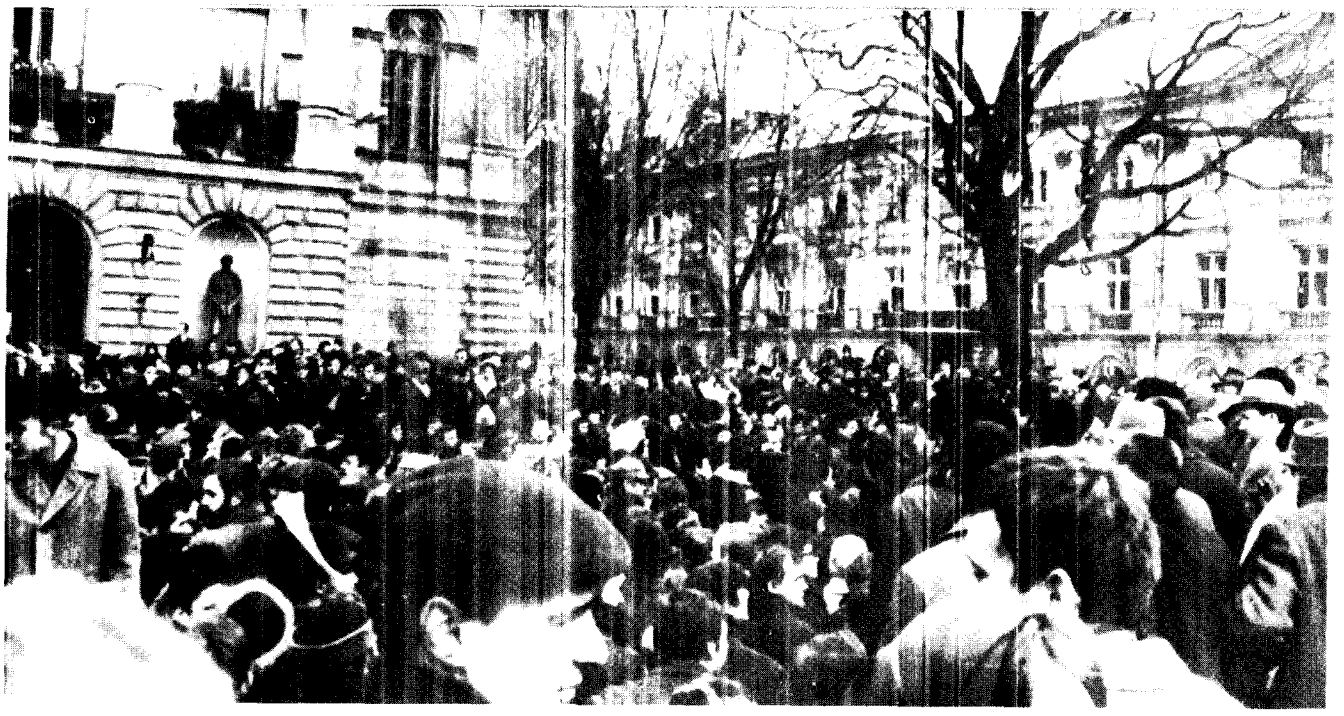
If in the shops of Warsaw, Krácow, Wroclaw or Lódz there was a superabundance of portraits of Marx, Engels and Lenin (and until now, of Gomulka), there were not many goods to tempt shoppers coming from the countryside, even though they may have had a considerable amount of money to spend. True, the governmental agencies to whom one is obliged to sell part of one's produce at a fixed price (which has been periodically revised upwards) certainly do not pay as much as one might wish. But there is ample compensation for this through selling on the free market. There is also Poland's "other economy"—the grey and black markets where prices are charged according to what the trade will bear. What is not sold privately for good money is consumed by peasant families. And there is no incentive whatsoever to produce more: why should the peasants exert themselves? If production is increased, will not the hated, godless and ubiquitous State "take away" more? (It is characteristic that in the common parlance the State "takes away" while the private customer "buys"—though both pay for what they acquire!)

Thus, peasants do not see any point in investing in or improving the productivity of their land. Moreover, chopped as it is into minute holdings and small farmsteads, rural Poland does not seem to feel any need for modernization and mechanization. It may well be that if good quality and cheap agricultural machinery were freely available, and if the rural population were educated and made aware of its benefits, a few more enlightened peasants might band together, combine their efforts and set up some larger, more rational productive units.

Well over 85 per cent of Polish agriculture is in private hands, and there is no doubt that it will remain so for a long, long time to come—one is even tempted to say forever. No economist and no politician would dare to use the dirty word "collectivization" in any context other than to reassure his audience that it will never happen. And yet the idea that it may happen lingers on and helps to perpetuate that state of temporariness and uncertainty in which steady development and advance are well-nigh impossible. In the meantime, some of the sorely needed four million tons of grain will be supplied by the despised Soviet collective farms.

UNDOUBTEDLY the Polish workers and the intelligentsia had many valid and legitimate reasons—apart from the economic ones—to be furious with the once-acclaimed Gomulka regime which, well before its fourteenth birthday, became insensitive, oppressive and thoroughly bureaucratized. However, the latest upheaval, unlike the March 1968 student protests in Warsaw and other cities, seems to have started as a strictly eco-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



1968: Warsaw University Students

nomic struggle.

What is at first sight puzzling, yet throws some light on the ideological outlook of the new team of politicians in power, is the fact that the mutiny broke out in the hitherto rather placid Baltic towns of Gdansk, Elblag, Gdynia and Szczecin. These towns, with the exception of Gdynia, lie in formerly German territory and have a population of mixed national origins. Szczecin in particular, a German shipbuilding center, counts among its 350,000 inhabitants a number of Germans who after 1945 were reluctant to leave their homes and be "repatriated" into Germany: many people here are too preoccupied with their daily lives to bother about the definition of their national allegiance. In this area there are also Poles who were "resettled" there after their native L'vov was incorporated into the Soviet Ukraine. These people still view Russia (and communism) with horror and detestation.

This typically borderline population has not in the past distinguished itself by any particular degree of class consciousness. Moreover, the standard of living of the dock workers in both Szczecin and Gdansk has always been just a little above the average. The wages in the shipyards rose within the last five years by 22.8 per cent (from 2477 zlotys to 3041 zlotys per month), while in other branches of industry they rose by 17.6 per cent. Why should the discontent and frustration felt acutely in the whole of Poland burst out with such violence precisely in these more privileged districts?

THREE SUGGESTIONS, none of which by itself is wholly convincing, are currently put forward. In certain quarters it is pointed out that the western fringe of Poland, and indeed Poland as a whole, owes at least part of its cohesiveness to the ever-present fear of its western neighbor, and that the recent agreement with Germany, which fixes the Oder - Neisse lines as a frontier, removed that fear and the feeling of danger—and thereby also loosened some of the cohesiveness. This argument may have some validity, but it seems a little over-sophisticated.

The second suggestion is somewhat obliquely made by many foreign observers, who evidently report the official, as well as the unofficial (but no less weighty), information transmitted through the Polish grapevine: they hint that not for nothing were the Baltic provinces the stronghold of General Moczar and his "partisans," who in the last few years ferociously criticized Gomulka for his "liberalism" and made determined efforts to unseat him.

Promoted to general after the war, Moczar worked for the political police during the first years of the Stalinist regime. He did not, however, enjoy the complete confidence of those in power, was pushed aside into the Baltic provinces, and was replaced by Poles who had worked in Moscow during the war years. He re-emerged in October 1956 as a supporter of Gomulka. Over the years his sergeant-major's style, his wild nationalism bordering on xenophobia and his anti-intellectualism attracted quite a following. In 1964 he became Polish Minister of the Interior and once again had all the branches of the police under his orders. He also assumed the presidency of ZBOWiD—a motley union of combattants composed of those who had "fought for Poland," no matter for what kind of Poland. He lent his support to the most reactionary Catholic union, PAX, and opposed the more liberal organization, ZNAK. His faithful, extremely unpopular "popular militia" gave proof of its devotion by savage repression of student movements.

His field day came when, after the Israeli-Arab war of 1967, under the pretext of anti-Zionism he purged the army, the press, and the academic and literary life of Jews, liberals and all other elements he considered lacking in patriotism. In 1968, the much coveted membership of the Politbureau was at last within his reach. However, he had to content himself with becoming a candidate member only: After the invasion of Czechoslovakia, Brezhnev gave his full support to Gomulka and thus protected him—for a time—from his rivals.

Moczar must have realized that his reputation as a staunch enemy of the Soviet Union (which earns him popularity among wide circles of obdurate Polish nationalists) could hinder his career. Thus when Moczar's friend and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

supporter Ptasinski was dispatched as ambassador to Moscow in 1967, he might have slipped in a kind word or two on behalf of his comrade Moczar, explaining perhaps that Moczar's "nationalism" was misunderstood, that it was nothing but a certain authoritarianism which could be useful in view of the restiveness of the Polish population.

It would certainly be wrong to make too much of foreign journalists' hints that "Moczar's people" might have engineered the bloody events in Gdansk and Szczecin, but it cannot be ruled out that they might have stirred a smoldering fire and added to it a couple of very dry twigs. As a result of the conflagration, Moczar's rival, Gomulka, lost power. He was replaced as First Secretary of the Party by Edward Gierek, a tough technocrat and organizer and, at least since 1967, Moczar's friend and ally. Moczar himself benefited directly from the change, becoming at last a full member of the Politbureau and a secretary of the Party's Central Committee—a position which will allow him effectively, if unspectacularly, to maneuver the life of the country.

ANOTHER CENTER—as political as it pretends to be spiritual—which has already been promised a "better deal" is the Roman Catholic Church. Piotr Jaroszewicz began his term of office as the new Prime Minister (and successor to Cyrankiewicz) by a solemn political speech in which he proclaimed as one of the aims of his government the "full normalization" of State-Church relations. His administration, he said, wants to strengthen cooperation with all citizens, believers and non-believers alike. This was by far the most conciliatory approach of any "communist" hierarchy to the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church.

How did Mr. Edward Gierek present himself to the country in his capacity as supreme leader of the ruling party? He addressed himself to the working population as a whole and tried to appease it by promising that the present (increased) food prices will be frozen for two years and that the prices of some industrial goods will be reduced "as far as possible." To improve the lot of the poorest families, hardest hit by the recent price rises, the very lowest salaries will be revised upwards, with $1.75 billion in special premiums given from the State compensatory fund. This last charitable measure is reminiscent of the plan of Britain's Tory Prime Minister Edward Heath, but hardly befits a Workers' State.

Be that as it may, in gathering his new team, Gierek used incomparably milder accents than he did only a couple of years ago. There are probably few Poles who have forgotten the bloody events of March 1968, when Polish students took to the streets to protest against the stifling and oppressive atmosphere of the country and the lack of intellectual freedom. It was around that time that Edward Gierek, the boss of the rich industrial basin of Silesia and the favorite of the "labor aristocracy" of well-paid miners, transferred his loyalty from Gomulka to Moczar (then Minister of the Interior). While the police were battering the students and inciting the workers to have a go at taking part in the hunt against "eggheads," Gierek enthusiastically approved the brutal treatment of the demonstrators; in his speech of March 14, he blamed "revisionists, Zionists and servants of imperialism" for all the troubles. He named some Jewish writers and political figures who had, according to him, "dirty, antinational objectives" and were trying to sell out and destroy Poland. If some of them will "go on trying to turn back the current of our life from the direction chosen by the nation," continued Gierek, "then Silesia *will break their bones.*"

To maintain his control over Poland, Gierek has adopted a more conciliatory tone: No longer able to console the survivors of the soldiers' riot with the admission that the trade union leadership "failed to respond to the workers' *justified* demands," Gierek stirred the national Trade Union Council into proclaiming a new era: there is to be reorganization, a shake-up, and probably some revengeful settling of accounts among the top bosses. But did they need so much blood to see what even a casual observer of the Polish scene has been able to sense for some time?

WHAT CAN POLAND expect from the new team? It is still too early to give a straight answer. For the time being, all is quiet: some workers even returned to their jobs during the Christmas holidays, obeying the exhortation to "catch up on production." But how long this quiescence will last is uncertain.

The whole of Eastern Europe watched the events in Poland with baited breath for, consciously or unconsciously, the workers in the Baltic created a precedent dangerous to the fraternity of "communist" bureaucrats: a party leadership and a government were changed under the pressure of street demonstrations and riots so tumultuous that even the police, with the help of the army, were hard pressed to quell them.

Strikes, street demonstrations and riots in full view of foreign observers are a nightmare to the bosses in Moscow, East Berlin, Prague and elsewhere. Whether or not they liked Gierek, Moczar & Co., they thought it prudent, in the interests of stability, to lend them their support. Ulbricht sent a congratulatory telegram. Brezhnev could contemplate on the front pages of Soviet newspapers a portrait of Gierek and a rather friendly biography. Brezhnev declared that the Party of Polish Communists, "famed for its revolutionary tradition" (he might have added "which Stalin had trampled underfoot in the late Thirties") and "its militant vanguard" (he might have added "which Stalin had brutally exterminated") "will be able to overcome" many difficulties. A few days later, however, the Russians expressed some reservations, warning that "one should not expect that all will go smoothly."

Even if the new team runs the economy more efficiently, even if a few zlotys are added to the workers' pay packets, the new regime will be more authoritarian and less "humane" than the old one. Students and intellectuals, whose bones are threatened by the new First Secretary of the Party, can only sadly speculate on what might have been had they won the support of the workers in 1968. And as thousands of men and women clock past the gates of factories and shipyards, the "egghead" revolt of 1968 may take on the ominous patina of opportunity lost.

Tamara Deutscher is a journalist who has contributed to the London Times, the Times Literary Supplement, the Economist and the New Left Review.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cleaning of America (Don't Hold Your Breath)

IT WAS MORE THAN A YEAR ago that Nixon announced he was a conservationist and promised reform. As it turned out, his administration worked behind the scenes to gut much of the decent conservation reform proposed; in other cases, it refused to enforce the laws already on the books. The overall result has been to sink the environmental programs into near chaos. Thus, the conservationist President supports the SST and his administration backs restricted, but continued, use of both DDT and 2,4,5-T herbicides. Former Secretary of Interior Hickel, now regarded as a "great conservationist," led the government in opposing any reform of the 1872 Mining Act. That law, which gives away public lands for five dollars an acre, has led to the wholesale destruction of much of the West by the mining companies. Despite repeated oil spills on the outercontinental shelf, the government went ahead and resumed issuing leases for oil- and gas-drilling on the shelf. Hickel delayed increasing the rates cattlemen pay for grazing their herds on public ranges, thereby reducing the amounts available for reseeding the miserably eroded public property. The Nixon government opposed the principle of "absolute liability" in the case of oil spills; that principle would have required an oil company to pay all the costs involved. It lobbied against a bill which would have established a cut-off date by which time automobile makers would have to reduce pollutants by 90 per cent. When, in the face of a conservationist lobby, the Congress refused to approve a bill ordering increased cutting in the national forests, Nixon circumvented the Congress and ordered the increased cuts by executive order.

In his appointment of Rogers C. B. Morton as Secretary of the Interior, Nixon picked a man who as a congressman had supported the SST and voted for billboards. Morton was a sponsor of the National Timber Supply Act, which sought to increase the cuts of public timber. He spoke in favor of protecting wetlands along the Chesapeake Bay but voted against a bill which would have allowed the Interior Department to preserve estuaries.

William Ruckelshaus, administrator of the new Environmental Protection Agency, recently invoked a section of the 1899 Rivers and Harbors Act which would require industries to obtain federal permits before dumping wastes into navigable waters. Unfortunately, many industries dump their wastes into city sewers, and in this case they are exempt from the Act. In order for an industry to obtain a federal permit it must demonstrate that its anti-pollution plans are in line with state water quality standards. The state standards, in turn, must be approved by the federal government. But the federal government has not yet passed on standards for nearly half the states, which gives the non-approved standards a dubious legal significance. More to the point, by employing this old Act, Ruckelshaus may throw a shield around polluting industries: so long as companies have filed their applications for permits, they probably are exempt from prosecution for pollution. Processing permit applications will take months, if not years, and will involve countless appeals, compromises and possible court challenges.

The air pollution law passed by the last Congress directs auto makers to eliminate 90 per cent of the pollutants from exhaust systems by 1975. But there is no certainty the auto companies can make a device which will effectively remove oxides of nitrogen by that time. If they are unable to do so, the law will probably become meaningless. In other respects the law represents a step backward. It perpetuates the concept of "ambient air standards"—a mumbo-jumbo technique for controlling air pollution dreamed up by Senator Jennings Randolph, the West Virginia coal stooge, and endorsed by Senator Edmund Muskie. Under the air pollution laws, the National Air Pollution Control Administration designates certain "air quality regions." A region is an imaginary line drawn around an urban area and its environs. The communities lying within the boundaries of the line generally share common topographical, meteorological and industrial patterns. The theory is that these common features will facilitate the eventual establishment of air pollution control standards. Unfortunately, since this "region" is not a unit of government, it is a meaningless designation. The Air Pollution Control Administration then issues "air quality criteria" and "control techniques." These documents assist the states in establishing "ambient air standards" for the different regions. Instead of measuring smoke from a stack to determine whether its sulphur dioxide content is above or below a national uniform emissions standard, pollution officials sample the ambient air throughout a region to find the sulphur dioxide levels. They then work out plans for dealing with sulphur dioxide. This procedure is obviously designed to drag along for an interminable time. Under the new act, the government is directed to determine emission levels for so-called hazardous substances coming from stationary sources. But sulphur, one of the major hazardous substances, is not included in the list of dangerous pollutants. This omission apparently was made in deference to Randolph and his West Virginia coal operator friends. The coal people fear a reduction in business if stringent air pollution con-

by James Ridgeway

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trols are clamped onto electric utilities.

THERE ARE MILD REFORMS which might actually alleviate the air and water pollution problem. For instance, the government could proceed in an expeditious manner to set national water quality standards—as it was directed to do by an act of 1967. It could seek injunctive powers to close down any industry violating those standards. In the case of air pollution, it might pursue a vigorous independent research program aimed at developing an alternative engine which is low in pollutants. And it could create a market for such an engine by requiring that the government buy only pollution-free engines for the huge federal fleet of cars. But Nixon has generally opposed this course. He even has asked for a reduced air pollution research budget.

At the same time, the government might pursue an expanded rapid transit program aimed at removing automotive traffic from polluted and congested cities. And indeed the Nixon people went through the motions of proposing such a mass transit reform. It calls for putting $3 billion into mass transit systems over the next five years, which is peanuts compared to the $15 billion spent every year for new highways. Expenditure of any money for mass transit is left for annual decision by the appropriations committees of Congress. They are still dominated by Southern, rural members who are not enthusiastic about spending money for urban areas. The result is that only $600 million will go into mass transit work during the next year.

There are still other, less costly, ways in which the Nixon government, if it were at all serious about ecology, could begin to make innovative reforms. For example, instead of spending federal money to help localities build sewage treatment works which are oftentimes inefficient and don't affect certain kinds of inorganic industrial wastes, it could begin to press communities to act on successful experiments to pipe sewage back into the watershed, where it can then filter through the soil. The usefulness of this historic method was proved recently in experiments made at Penn State and financed by the federal government. In this method, water is returned to the water table, nitrates to the soil (where they fertilize—thus eliminating the need for chemical fertilizers). It is a relatively inexpensive method and could be used in many cities with populations up to 100,000. But the government, the sanitary engineering profession and the construction companies are instead bent on building sewage treatment plants which inefficiently treat sewage, then pour the resulting pollutants into rivers and lakes.

Air and water pollution occur as byproducts in the creation of energy; and the outcome of the pollution war will probably be determined by whoever wins the war for control of energy resources. This is an immense industrial struggle, and it goes on behind the scenes while the politicians argue over pollution reforms.

SEVEN INTERNATIONAL OIL companies now control about three-quarters of the world oil market. All but one—British Petroleum—are U.S. firms. They also control natural gas and in recent years have achieved important holdings in coal and uranium. They are important in the chemicals industry, and exercise a considerable sway in the international tanker trade. These companies largely determine which fuels are used and where—for example, major oil companies have withheld large supplies of natural gas from the market in an effort to drive up natural gas prices. They are in a position to engage in bizarre business transactions, such as the shipment of Alaskan natural gas to Japan rather than to California where it is needed to reduce air pollution. At the same time, they ship gas from North Africa to the East Coast of the United States. The oil companies monopolize the distribution mechanisms for fuel, and in areas such as Appalachia they own most of the land: the state of West Virginia, for example, is nearly destitute because of the drain placed on it by absentee landlords—mostly steel and oil companies.

At the moment, the national fuels policy works to reinforce the grip of the oil industry over the production, distribution and end use of all fuels. Import quotas protect the U.S. from the world-wide glut of oil, which, if allowed in, would probably reduce prices. At the same time, the tax program encourages domestic drilling—and that means drilling on the outercontinental shelf, the scene of the modern-day oil boom where ecological hazards are so severe. While the import quotas restrict the flood of oil from abroad, the tax system makes it easy for American-based oil companies to import their foreign profits. It is this vicious profit system which underlies much of the ecological mess.

Increased profits in fuels depends on increased consumption, and here the answer apparently lies with a widening demand for electric power—the single fastest-growing form of energy. Just as the large oil companies moved to corner the fuel markets, a few large utilities dominate the electricity markets. In 1945 there were more than 1000 electric power companies; now there are but 300. The largest utilities in the field are buying up smaller firms to extend their geographical range, and are turning themselves into conglomerates along the way. Electric utilities run railroads, build housing subdivisions and are in the mining business.

* * *

The large utilities and the big oil companies work in tandem. The utilities propagandize the constant energy crisis, demanding the right to build more electric plants, which consume more oil, gas, coal and uranium. At the same time they bemoan the energy crisis they are selling electricity, encouraging homeowners to leave the lights on outside all night long to scare away burglars, or establishing tie-in sales with home developers in an effort to persuade them to build all-electric homes. This coalition may well become more open and defined; the big oil companies own vast tracts of land in the United States, which they eventually will begin to develop into new towns. The Nixon Administration has embraced the concept of "new towns." Profits in a new town will depend on increasing energy consumption through such devices as all-electric homes, home computer systems, and the like.

New towns—built on oil company land by electric utility conglomerates and financed by oil companies—will be among the most modern, clever solutions to the problems of population congestion and ecological decay. In fact, the new town concept merely closes the circle of the energy monopoly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Los Siete de la Raza

Bebe pointed the gun at McGoran but didn't fire. Then he, like the others, fled. As Bebe explained, "There's one cop dead, another injured. I'm standing there with the gun. I'm brown. Who's gonna believe me?"

THE UPRISING IN EAST LOS ANGELES last August, during which a cop killed journalist Ruben Salazar, called national attention to the anger of chicanos in urban *barrios*. While the police riot and the death of Salazar were making front pages, a less-publicized murder trial in San Francisco was dramatizing the same chicano militancy and police brutality which clashed so violently in Los Angeles.

The trial of *Los Siete de la Raza*—the young men who became known as "the seven of the latin people"—was taking place because for once the tables had been turned: instead of cops gunning down brown people, as in Los Angeles, a cop himself had been killed. As the defense attorneys for Los Siete would point out, had the roles been reversed there would have been no trial—just a perfunctory inquest and another verdict of "justifiable homicide."

The trial of Los Siete began on May 1, 1969, on Alvarado Street in San Francisco's Mission District, when plainclothes officers Joseph Brodnik and Paul McGoran stopped a group of young latins on a burglary investigation. There was a fight, and a call for help. By the time police reinforcements arrived, Brodnik was dead, killed with McGoran's gun, and McGoran was injured. All the suspects had fled.

McGoran told other officers he thought the suspects were hiding nearby at 433 Alvarado in a second-floor flat rented by a family named Rios. The apartment was saturated with teargas and automatic weapons fire, wounding one of the Rios children, a 14-year-old girl. When the police discovered there were no fugitives inside, the search spread to other homes in the Mission. Flats were ransacked and hundreds of teenagers interrogated. Mrs. Rios was forced to point out friends of her son José, whom McGoran identified as one of the young men involved. The home of another suspect, Mario Martinez, was staked out, his 15-year-old brother threatened at gunpoint, and his mother told by a cop, "When we find them, we'll shoot them down like dogs."

BRODNIK WAS THE JUNIOR in the plainclothes "Mission Eleven" team. He and McGoran, his partner of three years, reduced daylight burglaries in a middle-class area near the Mission District by asking housewives to report all "suspicious persons" to police. Known among their peers for "dedication," Brodnik and McGoran piled up over 400 burglary arrests and two dozen bravery medals.

Like much of the Irish Catholic brass in the San Francisco Police Department, the two men had grown up in the Mission District in the 1930s and '40s, when it contained primarily Irish, Italian and German immigrants, most of them unquestioning believers in the American myths of free enterprise and social mobility. They attended Mission High and formed their political attitudes during the wartime years. Brodnik, an all-city basketball star, led Mission High to its first championship in 50 years. He married his high school sweetheart, settled down in a quiet neighborhood on the outskirts of the Mission, and became a cop in 1956. "He had a lot of friends on the force," said his wife; "it seemed like a good life."

But the Mission District was changing. In the 1950s and '60s, thousands of immigrants arrived from Central America, and whites hurried out to the suburbs. The Inner Mission became predominantly latin: a mixture of Central Americans, Mexicans and Puerto Ricans, with some Filipinos, Samoans and American Indians. In the surrounding areas, many European immigrants remained. Alvarado Street in 1969 was typical: among the eyewitnesses to the May 1st scene were Salvadorians, Mexicans, Poles, Yugoslavs and Irish.

Brodnik's wife Jessie often insisted they move to the suburbs. Brodnik resisted. McGoran lived in a suburb, though his job took him to the Mission every day. When his first marriage broke up in 1966, McGoran returned to home territory and began living with a waitress his partner had

by Marjorie Heins

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

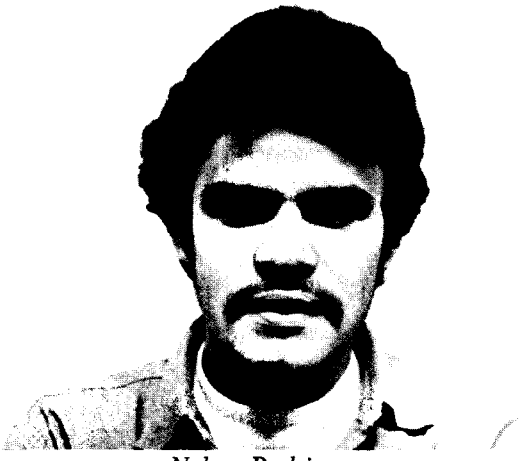
introduced him to.

McGoran told his new girl friend, Thelma, that Brodnik was too soft: he should have been a preacher, not a cop. For his part, Brodnik thought McGoran too brutal and quick with his gun. These temperamental differences may have created personal friction, but they fitted Brodnik and McGoran perfectly for the good guy–bad guy roles they played (which police call the "Mutt and Jeff routine"). As McGoran later explained it: "Joe would always say, 'Let's give him a break,' and we would discuss it in front of the arrested person, so that if he wanted to give us information and lead us on to bigger arrests, we would let him go."

McGoran, who bitterly resented the influx of nonwhites in his district, liked to drive around, stopping young latins for "investigation." One evening in 1967 he drove into the parking lot of a Mission Street hangout. Spotting a latin teenager—presumably under-age—drinking wine, he yelled, "Hey, punk, come over here." The young man was Danilo Melendez, known to his friends as "Bebe." A native of Honduras, Bebe grew up in the Mission during the '50s—gang-war days—when blacks and latins were moving into the city, and a lot of whites were still around to fight them. Bebe had been smoking dope, drinking wine and trying to avoid police for as long as he could remember. He loved music and dancing, made up poetry, and talked smart: "I don't see no punks here," he answered McGoran.

"I mean *you,* greaser!" When Bebe—5′4″ and 130 pounds—approached, McGoran—6′4″ and 220 pounds—grabbed his wine bottle, emptied it, then punched Bebe in the mouth, leaving a scar that runs under his lip.

[THE BROTHERS]



Nelson Rodriguez

BEBE MELENDEZ WAS ALSO one of the five latinos Brodnik and McGoran confronted on May 1, 1969. The other four were Gary Lescallett, José Rios, Gio Lopez and Mario Martinez. All but Lopez subsequently went on trial, along with two others who weren't even at the scene.

Gary Lescallett, known as Pinky, was a veteran of fights with police; sometimes the cops would take off their badges before the slugging began. Pinky's right little finger had been broken repeatedly in these and other casualties of barrio life—hence his nickname. Pinky had been arrested on more false charges than true ones: the only thing to do without money or legal help was to "cop a plea." This led to stays at Youth Authority prisons—little duplicates of the infamous California Adult Authority system, with inmates segregated into black, brown and white, and the model for success the submissive prisoner who promises to pursue the mythical "steady job" in the outside world.

Pinky Lescallett and José Rios were old friends. They used to walk down Mission Street together in the flashy purples, greens and whites that signify status in the barrio. José had a tape deck and speakers in his Chevy—excellent for riding around the Mission and getting stoned. His older brothers sometimes warned him about dope, but he considered them square. At the same time, José respected the hard-working values of his parents, and helped out with a janitorial job downtown. In May 1969, José was a high school senior, but far short of the credits necessary to graduate. He decided to drop high school and go straight to CSM—the two-year College of San Mateo (in a town 30 miles south of San Francisco)—where several hundred educationally crippled minority kids like himself were involved in a College Readiness Program.

Gio Lopez and Mario Martinez were both already in this program. Mario, who wanted to be a doctor, had been recruited into it after almost dropping out of high school with the usual combination of terrible grades and destructive counseling. Although he was quiet and reserved, Mario soon became the program's most avid recruiter, bringing 50 brothers and sisters from the streets of the Mission into college. He insisted almost religiously that his people *must* have education—they'd been denied it much too long. In this, Mario was influenced by his father, a body and fender mechanic, whose main purpose in coming to the United States was to provide a college education for his children.

One of Mario's recruits was his older brother Tony—bright, ambitious, popular with girls and much attracted to fine clothes. Tony had gone to San Francisco City College over the strenuous objections of his advisor and his soccer coach, both of whom insisted he wouldn't make it and should be a carpenter instead. Tony's program at City was difficult; he had no one to help him, and an evening busboy job cut down on studying time. In the summer of 1968, he began to participate with Mario in the Readiness Program tutoring sessions, and in the fall he transferred to the College of San Mateo.

AT GENERAL HOSPITAL ON MAY 1, 1969, McGoran identified photos of possible suspects: Bebe Melendez, Gary Lescallett, José Rios, Mario Martinez and . . . Nelson Rodriguez, a familiar face to McGoran and, conveniently, the same height and weight as Gio Lopez. Nelson was, as he described himself, a directionless "fuck-up" before Mario recruited him for CSM in the fall of 1968. On May 1 he was in San Mateo County, driving around with another Readiness Program veteran, Ralph Ruiz, who would become an important figure in the group's escape and in the later founding of the Defense Committee. Nelson returned to his girl friend's apartment at 5:00 PM, and learned by phone from José that he was wanted for murder and that the police were going to shoot to kill.

The afternoon of May 1, Mario found his brother Tony at CSM. Tony's blue Chevrolet, which Mario had been driving that morning, was still parked in front of 433 Alvarado, half-filled with stolen goods. This implicated Tony in the

Photos by Stephen Shames/Photon West

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

murder, and in the burglary that had been committed early that morning. The brothers decided to stay together.

Gio Lopez left the group, and the others who had been there—Mario, Bebe, Pinky and José, along with Tony—were driven to a house in the Santa Cruz hills, about 100 miles south of San Francisco. Ralph Ruiz told them to hang tight while he sought legal advice. The next night he brought Nelson Rodriguez to join them. The six now waited impatiently for Ralph's return. But when the TV news said the police were on their trail, they got scared: the night of May 3, they left the house and began camping on the beach.

Ralph Ruiz had not returned because he had been arrested as a suspect. He told Jack Cleary, the homicide inspector in charge of the case, that on May 1 he picked up Nelson Rodriguez about 10:30 AM at "Sandy's" and was with Nelson all day in San Mateo. Ralph was released on the basis of this alibi; but he knew he was being followed and couldn't return to Santa Cruz. Meanwhile, Bebe Melendez called an organization he worked for, the Mission Rebels. Once a gang, the Rebels now collected several hundred thousand dollars a year in federal funds to operate counseling and job-training programs. The Rebels contacted a high-powered criminal lawyer, who agreed to arrange a surrender in which the fugitives would not be harmed. But wires got crossed and the six latin brothers, who had run out of money, thought nothing was being done. On May 6, they held up a swimmer, wolfed down his picnic lunch and took his Buick. The swimmer called police, and 20 minutes later the brothers were arrested. One of the policemen told them, "You're lucky the San Francisco police didn't get you."

Gary "Pinky" Lescallett

[THE END OF THE DREAM]

THE SAN FRANCISCO POLICE, for whom Los Siete showed such justified fear, were only the most visible reminder of the barrio's colonial status. The latin immigrants who came to San Francisco to escape the deprivations and indignities of colonialism found them again, more subtly, within the Mission.

They faced discrimination in jobs, which were hard to find anyway because industry was declining: San Francisco lost 9000 manufacturing jobs between 1953 and 1966. In the late '60s, according to federal surveys, up to 18 per cent of the Spanish-speaking men and 35 per cent of the youths in the Mission were unemployed. And these figures didn't include women, illegal immigrants, people who had never worked or had given up looking, and those who were *under*-employed. The median income for urban Spanish-speaking families in 1959 was less than $3000.

The impotence was political as well as economic. In a city almost half minority by conservative estimates, there is only token minority representation on the 11-member Board of Supervisors: one middle-class black, and one Mexican-American—who responded to the Los Angeles uprising by blaming it on white radicals, and said police-community relations in the Mission were fine.

The Mission Coalition, made up of over 100 civic, church and labor groups, seemed to promise a political voice. It had won the power to veto any urban renewal plans for the district. But the Coalition owed its existence in large part to foundation grants; ambitious foundation tramps and labor bosses eventually took control and bargained away the all-important veto power.

Oppression in the Mission also took cultural form. When Tony, Mario, Nelson and José entered their first San Francisco schools, they knew no English, and there was no instruction in Spanish while they were picking up the new language. Teachers called them "Mexican" instead of by their names. Even at San Mateo, Mario found his history professor making tasteless comments that Mexicans were lazy and stupid.

In junior and senior high, latinos, like blacks, are steered into endless shop courses on the basis of IQ tests geared toward white middle-class experience. At Mission High, the lowest-income school in the city, 87 per cent of the students are put in vocational "tracks" and only 5 per cent go to college—compared to 50 per cent for the city's richest school. The thousands of dropouts this system produces generally end up on the streets, where dope and crime are two major means of survival. By the time the Martinez brothers entered San Mateo, they had seen many of their old partners "OD" and others draw long prison terms.

[GETTING UPPITY]

The College Readiness Program at San Mateo was an attempt to repair this damage to the community by emphasizing communal learning and cultural pride. It took high school dropouts and sent 90 per cent of them on to four-year college. Instead of competing, students tutored each other. In the Readiness Center they acted natural and used street language—to the consternation of white administrators in neighboring buildings. Intensive recruiting boosted the program's membership from 36 to 400 in three years. In the fall of 1968, the trustees, alarmed at this growth, drastically cut the work-study funds on which Readiness students subsisted. This cutback led to protests, and finally a strike, simultaneous with the Third World Liberation Front strike at San Francisco State.

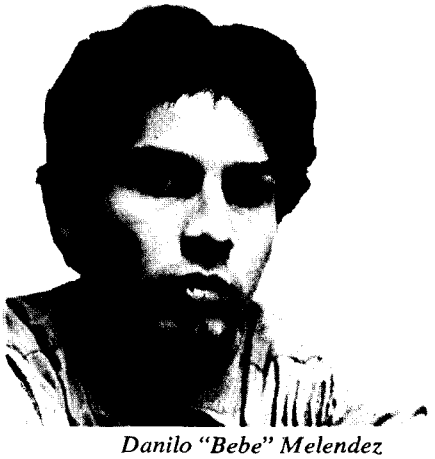
The politics of the San Mateo and San Francisco State strikes were noticeably similar. At State, as at CSM, the strikers thought everybody was entitled to an education: one of their demands was open admission for all Third World people. The administration dismissed this as absurd. Both strikes were crushed by arrests and expulsions and the campuses were occupied by police. During the CSM strike, many leaders in the Readiness Program, among them Nelson Rodriguez and Ralph Ruiz, were expelled.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Haggling with administrators—and battling the police—brought brothers like Tony, Mario, Nelson and Ralph to a new level of political awareness. They saw that as soon as the Readiness Program grew too big, it was suppressed: what they called "the system" could only absorb a token number of Third World people. They didn't want to be alienated from their communities or to succeed only as individuals. Furthermore, the head of the program was told to channel more of his students into vocational courses: the purpose of the junior college was to train skilled workers, not professionals. And finally, the Readiness Program was not keeping the ghettos quiet by serving as an escape hatch for the most talented minority kids; instead, it was taking ordinary street youth and making them "uppity."

Yet they needed education, so they decided they had to keep using "the Man's" institutions until they controlled some of their own. The Martinez brothers remained at San Mateo—Tony as head of a brown students group which sponsored the school's first "La Raza Week" in the spring of 1969. Nelson and Ralph transferred to San Francisco State.

Barrio people who had not been to college were also becoming politically aware. The farmworkers' movement had aroused fighting spirit, and "Huelga" signs were common sights around Mission High. War on Poverty organizations had led to rising expectations; Bebe was introduced to the works of Che Guevara in a Mission Rebels class. But the Rebels had to please their bureaucratic benefactors: a program in which teenagers like Bebe were supposed to counsel their peers ended up having to hire counselors over 20, thus blunting much of its purpose. The original request for 60 counselors' salaries was reduced to 20 on the advice of the Rebels' adult board of directors. Compromises like those meant the Rebels could never improve job or school conditions for the majority of the kids; and brothers like Bebe became disillusioned.



Danilo "Bebe" Melendez

In the spring of '69, Mario, Tony, Nelson and Ralph spent a good deal of time in the Mission, talking politics and trying to interest street people in college. They became familiar faces to McGoran and Brodnik, who once told Ralph, "We know you guys want to overthrow the government, but you're not going to do it while we're around."

[LOS SIETE AND SERVING THE PEOPLE]

AFTER THE ARREST, the brothers' friends—mostly from San Mateo and San Francisco State—formed a defense committee and called it "Los Siete de la Raza" (seven, in case Gio got caught). A white director of the Mission Rebels offered to pay $50,000 toward the lawyer's fee if Los Siete kept politics out of the case. The new group didn't like the Rebels' offer, but at first it was all they had.

Soon they found a new source of strength, the Black Panther Party. Bobby Seale and others in the Panther leadership helped publicize the case and attract contributions. The Panthers' "serve the people" ideology strongly influenced Los Siete, whose first community activity was a free breakfast-for-children program. Both *The Black Panther* and Los Siete's paper, *Basta Ya!* ("Enough!"), emphasized the affinity between black and brown liberation movements. The Panthers' chief counsel, Charles Garry, agreed to take Los Siete's case.

Los Siete began a free medical clinic, the Centro de Salud, after a local strike of hospital workers. One of the strikers' demands—which arbiters studiously ignored—was community control of health care. This the Centro de Salud promised, on a small scale. Two young doctors committed themselves to the clinic full-time, a dozen others part-time; a radical dentist and several pharmacists and technicians joined; and a staff of community people—among them dopers, ex-convicts, dropouts, welfare mothers and young radicals—undertook the day-to-day work. They built the clinic in a second-floor Inner Mission flat, and gathered medicine from the free samples with which drug companies inundate doctors. The clinic was open four nights a week. Training in translating medical histories, taking blood and doing simple tests was begun in the afternoons.

The clinic could not provide sophisticated medical services, but it could provide simple ones and help people through the bureaucratic maze if they had to go to the hospital. By emphasizing preventive medicine, Los Siete began to combat media propaganda which favor tortilla chips and Cokes. Out of the clinic grew the Mission Food Commission—60 families who buy large quantities of food cooperatively.

Los Siete opened La Raza Legal Defense in the spring of 1970 after a young latino died in the back of a paddy wagon. Police blamed barbiturates, but private autopsies showed the man was beaten to death. Los Siete organized a protest march after the funeral, a fund for the widow and baby, and a lawsuit against the city. Police responded by deluging Spanish radio stations with announcements that the man had died from drugs.

La Raza Legal Defense, working closely with about 30 lawyers, began to deal with everyday incidents of harassment, police brutality and legal railroading. The mostly young staff, some of them high school dropouts, learned the legwork of the legal profession by getting people out of jail on their own recognizance, interviewing clients, investigating arrests, and acting as translators and go-betweens for lawyers. Its most important function was to show people they did have rights and to help them gain control over their lives.

WHILE THE SMALL COMMITTEE to Defend Los Siete was evolving into a "serve the people" movement which touched the lives of hundreds of latin families, the police establishment set in motion the legal machinery by which it would exact revenge

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for Brodnik's death. Despite scant evidence against some of the brothers, all six were charged with the murder of Brodnik, attempted murder of McGoran, and burglary. The police were hoping to convict them under the felony murder rule, which states:

> The unlawful killing of a human being . . . which occurs as a result of the commission of the crime of burglary . . . is murder in the first degree. . . . All persons who either directly and actively commit the act constituting such crime, or who . . . aid and abet in its commission . . . are guilty of murder in the first degree.

As counsel for Pinky and Bebe, who were most heavily involved in the death scene, Charles Garry chose, respectively, Richard Hodge, a young ex-DA who had helped him win acquittal for the Oakland Seven in early 1969; and Michael Kennedy, outspoken long-haired defender of Weathermen, Timothy Leary and countless draft resisters. Ralph Ruiz, who was one of the founders of Los Siete, convinced R. J. Engel, his own lawyer from his College of San Mateo days, to represent Nelson. (As for Gio Lopez, he didn't need a lawyer since he was never caught. He was arrested three times in other parts of the country, released before the fingerprint checks came through, and finally hijacked a plane to Cuba, where he now lives and works.)

Judge Joseph Karesh, a crusty Southerner, presided over 13 months of pre-trial hearings. The memory of his conduct in the notorious trial of policeman Michael O'Brien, accused of killing a black man, was still fresh. O'Brien's attorney had called black prosecution witnesses "hyenas living in a hellhole," and the one white witness "a traitor to his race." Karesh permitted this venomous drivel when, as one reporter remarked, "Any backwoods Mississippi judge would have told a defense attorney to tone it down." [See RAMPARTS, July 1969]

Karesh wanted to get out of the Los Siete case because he knew Garry was likely to hurl a lot of accusations at the police and create a scandal with which no politically ambitious judge wanted to be involved. Shortly after a pre-trial hearing in which Garry called Paul McGoran "a racist, a liar and a drunk," Karesh withdrew, citing as his excuse a passing reference to his handling of the O'Brien trial which Kennedy had made a few weeks back. The case was reassigned to Judge Laurence Mana, a conservative who, following the harsh sentences he gave strikers from San Francisco State, had been elevated from municipal to superior court by Governor Reagan eight months before.

José Rios

[WITNESSES FOR THE PROSECUTION]

WHEN THE TRIAL BEGAN in late June 1970, Assistant District Attorney Thomas Norman announced he would prove Gary Lescallett fired two shots, killing Brodnik and attempting to kill McGoran. This surprised the defense, which had learned through discovery motions that almost all the eyewitnesses who saw anybody with a gun said it was "a short boy," about 5'4", and Gary Lescallett was 6'1". But Norman had to accuse Lescallett because his star witness, Paul McGoran, had singled Lescallett out as the gunman, and without McGoran's testimony the DA would have no case.

McGoran looked aged and broken as he took the witness stand. Deep lines covered his face, and his mouth sagged grotesquely. He dropped 15 milligrams of valium a day, which he insisted was for a heart condition known as tachycardia in which the pulse speeds up to 180 beats per minute.

McGoran's story took half a day to relate: He and Brodnik stopped to investigate when they saw José Rios carrying a stereo from a blue Chevy into the basement at 429 Alvarado. DA Thomas Norman had already established that the property was stolen from an amply furnished home five miles away. McGoran said José and Bebe (and probably Tony) went upstairs for ID; only José returned. When Gary Lescallett tried to go upstairs, McGoran grabbed him and ". . . let me have it right in the mouth." McGoran remembered knocking Gary down; the next thing he knew, "more than one" assailant was on his back. He was beaten to the ground and kicked. He blacked out just as he heard Brodnik yell, "Look out, Paul, he's got your gun!"; then the shot. McGoran regained his sight and saw Lescallett, in the blue Chevy, point the gun at him and fire.

Despite three weeks of cross-examination, McGoran calmly stuck to his story that he was attacked and knocked down. Garry introduced the General Hospital records which said, "Was hit in the face . . . was not knocked down." McGoran denied he told the doctor this and said he didn't know how it got in the record.

R. J. Engel made some significant dents in McGoran's credibility. He asked, "Didn't your doctor tell you in June 1966 that you should quit the police force because you couldn't deal with situations under pressure? Didn't you request a transfer from the communications department because you couldn't handle the pressure?"

"I would say the pressures were pretty great. . . . I requested a change back to the Mission."

"Hasn't the doctor told you to take valium up to three a day for nervousness?"

"He prescribed it."

"Didn't he prescribe it for nervousness?"

"I don't know why. I thought it was for the heart."

"Well, it says here [on the bottle], 'As needed.' He must have told you what you need it *for*."

"I got the prescription."

"He must have told you what you needed it for." McGoran, cornered, was silent. Engel read from the medical record: "As necessary for nervousness."

McGoran was followed by eight eyewitnesses, who came

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up with widely contradictory stories. The incident had happened so fast that none of them saw anything except a brief fight and gunfire. Their statements taken on May 1 were innocuous. Only after reading the papers and talking to police did some of them decide McGoran had been beaten to the ground. But even at the trial, important details of their testimony—number of people, identities, sequence of events—differed so radically that no sense could be made of the prosecution's case.

Mrs. Irene Jarzyna, a Polish immigrant, identified all six defendants "by the way they walk," then demonstrated the six supposedly distinctive walks she had seen. But when asked the next day to repeat the performance, she shrugged and said, "Not everybody walk every day the same."

David Caravantes, boy friend of one of Mrs. Jarzyna's daughters, told police on May 1 he didn't see who took the gun, but at the trial corroborated McGoran's story that it was Gary Lescallett. Caravantes denied being a police informer, but it later came out that between May 1 and the trial he got letters of recommendation to college from the police chief of a suburban town—and from DA Thomas Norman. One female witness who identified Nelson Rodriguez at the trial had previously identified José Rios, Bebe Melendez and Gio Lopez as the same man, and told R. J. Engel, "Don't worry; I can't identify your client."

Crime lab "experts" had mistakenly reported Nelson's fingerprints at the scene; this encouraged McGoran to identify Nelson before the grand jury. The officer responsible for this mistake testified it was due to "a dictating error." It was not corrected for ten months.

Rudolfo "Tony" Martinez

Another "expert witness" said he found Tony's prints on the blue Chevy's steering wheel, and added that a subsequent driver would have wiped them off. Charles Garry, who has studied fingerprints himself, said this was "heifer dust"—one of his many euphemisms for "bullshit."

By the end of his case, Norman was going to extremes. He flashed a disreputable-looking and clearly inadmissible photo of Ralph Ruiz before the jury to discredit the statement Ralph gave to Inspector Cleary, which had been admitted into evidence. He was hypocritically prim: in response to one of Mana's rulings, Garry whispered it was "a piece of shit." Norman jumped up, asking if that wasn't a "vulgarity" he'd just heard.

[PORTRAIT OF A PIG]

WHEN THE DEFENSE BEGAN in late September, most of the media stopped sending daily reporters, so the brothers' story was never reported to the public as more than a jumble of accusations against McGoran and generalizations about racism against brown people. Actually, for those who had been following the trial, the brothers' story came as an immense relief after the confusion of the prosecution's case:

On May 1, 1969, Mario planned to take José, Bebe and Pinky to CSM to register for the summer session. He used Tony's car to pick up José. On the stand, Mario showed how he drove: with his left palm on the steering column, not touching the wheel itself, and thus leaving no prints.

At 433 Alvarado, Mario found José and Gio Lopez arguing. Gio had just put some stolen goods in the basement and José was insisting he move them. Mario reluctantly agreed to move the property to a location Gio said was on the way to San Mateo.

Pinky and Bebe, who had been waiting in the car, were recruited to help load the stuff. They had barely begun when Brodnik and McGoran drove up. As McGoran strode toward the sidewalk, he yelled, "Where'd you punks steal this shit?"

Brodnik asked who lived there, and when José volunteered, he was sent upstairs for ID. Mario and Gio followed (not Bebe and Tony, as McGoran had guessed). Mario and Gio never went downstairs again, and finally fled out the back door.

Meanwhile, McGoran told Bebe, "Get over here, punk," pointing to the stairs to 433. Bebe obeyed, remarking, "You smell like an Old Crow whiskey factory."

When José returned with the ID for Brodnik, McGoran snatched it out of his hand. Then he turned to Pinky: "Hey, greaser, your father's a grapepicker; I eat grapes. Whaddaya think of that?"

Pinky said, "I hope you choke on 'em."

"Cool it, Pinky," said José.

Pinky headed toward 433. "I'm going upstairs."

"Stay where you are, punk." McGoran patted his right hip, indicating the gun hidden inside his pants.

"What're you gonna do, shoot me?"

"Why don't you make like a rabbit and see?"

Pinky jumped on a ledge in front of 433 Alvarado. McGoran followed, grabbing him near the throat. "Okay, you greasy bastard, now you're gonna get it! I'm gonna wash my hands on your back!"—McGoran's personal version of the term "wetback." Then he smashed Pinky's head against a pillar.

McGoran had the advantages of weight and reach; Pinky was younger and more sober. He smashed McGoran's jaw, drawing blood. McGoran hit back and sent him crumbling to the ground. Then McGoran pulled his gun and aimed it at Pinky. Bebe jumped up and grabbed McGoran's arm. As they struggled, Brodnik ran to separate them, yelling, "No, Paul, not your gun!" The gun fired; Brodnik went backwards, then collapsed. Bebe twisted McGoran's arm, then with his free hand caught the barrel of the .41 magnum and whipped it away.

Bebe pointed the gun at McGoran but didn't fire. Then he, like the others, fled. As Bebe explained, "There's one cop dead, another one injured. I'm standing there with the gun.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I'm brown. Who's gonna believe me?"

[WITNESSES FOR THE DEFENSE]

KATHY O'ROURKE WAS ONE of the young whites who tutored in the College Readiness Program. She testified that on May 1 she tutored Tony Martinez from 8:30 to 11:30 AM. On cross-examination, Norman hammered at the fact that Kathy had not told police Tony's alibi. Why? "I told her not to!" Garry thundered; and later, when Norman asked if Kathy didn't think it would have helped to tell police, Kennedy objected: "That assumes facts not in evidence, namely, that the police are interested in justice." Later a secretary testified she saw Tony and Kathy that morning.

Sandy Domdoma and Donald Wilson testified for Nelson. Sandy said she saw him that morning at 8:00 AM in her apartment before she left for work. When she returned at 5:00, Nelson was panicky, having just heard the news from José. On cross-examination Norman was snide: "Did you sleep in the same bedroom with Nelson?" and so on. Wilson testified he was at Sandy's apartment with Nelson until 10:30 that morning—about eight minutes after Brodnik was shot.

The defense now entered the most explosive part of its case. The brothers said McGoran was not only the aggressor but the killer. To convince the jury of this, the defense had to show who McGoran really was, or, in legal parlance, show "prior acts of violence by the alleged victim of an assault."

José Mario Martinez

Seven witnesses testified to McGoran's violence. An 18-year-old girl described an incident in which McGoran, very drunk, called her a "tramp" and her Puerto Rican boy friend a "goddam nigger," then, without provocation, pointed a rifle into her belly, saying, "I'm a police officer. You kids today have no respect for authority."

A young longhair, 5'4" and 120 pounds, testified McGoran brutally pounded his head against a car roof, then waved his gun at the crowd which had gathered, shouting, "Anyone interfere and I'll shoot!" McGoran was arrested for assault and battery, but the trial ended in a hung jury. A bearded student and his 90-pound girl friend testified McGoran attacked them both and accused them of breaking into a parked car for which the girl then produced registration papers. McGoran had the student arrested anyway; the charges were dropped.

This accumulation of detail not only established McGoran's own viciousness, but that of the whole police establishment in protecting him. Numerous indications of a frame-up—like Norman's letter of recommendation which encouraged prosecution witness Caravantes to change his story, or the "mistaken" identification of Nelson's fingerprints—kept cropping up. Complaint letters which witnesses said they'd written were never "found" in police files. Inspector Cleary had Ralph Ruiz's statement—which named Sandy Domdoma and Donald Wilson as Nelson's alibi—yet he never interviewed either of them. Quite by accident the defense turned up a police report of the incident which had never been volunteered despite numerous discovery motions—and the reason became clear: this document, written for McGoran's bravery award, said only *four* suspects were on the street when Brodnik and McGoran approached, and the prosecution was now claiming six.

The defense also produced a medical report describing an injury in the web area between McGoran's right thumb and trigger finger. Such an injury would result if McGoran had the gun wrenched violently from his hand—as Bebe testified. McGoran, of course, denied ever drawing his gun. He also "failed to recall" most of the incidents character witnesses described. His second ex-wife, Thelma, testified that her husband often boasted he could lie on the stand without anybody detecting it.

THE PROSECUTION CAN'T understand why these defendants fled," Charles Garry said in his characteristically emotional summation. "He can't understand why Tony Martinez, when he is not involved in any way, will remain silent and not give his alibi. Is it because he knew Nelson Rodriguez had given his alibi and they didn't even bother seeing any of the persons named?

"Tony Martinez told you he came to the rescue of his brother because he knew that his brother was in danger. Is that wrong? Or are we so individualistic that we are not interested in our fellow man, much less our own blood brother?

"There is no evidence against Danilo Melendez . . . . McGoran said he [Danilo] went upstairs. Yet what does he do? Does he hide behind a cloak of safety? No. He gets up on the witness stand and tells you what happened.

"Unless you understand this brotherhood, you will not understand why Danilo would forsake his position of safety. You will not understand why Tony would go with his brother when he was not involved. You will not understand why Mario would give up some of his classes in order to bring new students into the movement at San Mateo.

"Unless you understand this brotherhood, this cementing of solidarity among people who have been discriminated against, you will not understand the flight. You will not understand how the brothers became concerned when Nelson's name was mentioned on TV the first day, how they wanted to protect him and embrace him."

Kennedy added, "Bebe Melendez doesn't like cops. But that doesn't mean he's a murderer. He had the greatest opportunity to kill a cop any young man ever had [after he took McGoran's gun]. He resisted the temptation." Kennedy called Norman "a hack," and said he hoped some day to prosecute McGoran at "a people's tribunal."

The jury was less convinced by the eloquence of Garry

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Kennedy than by the way all four defense attorneys refuted Norman's arguments. The defense showed that the person witnesses saw on the ground was not McGoran but Gary Lescallett, whom McGoran himself admitted knocking down. They reread McGoran's hospital record: "Was not knocked down." They pointed out that McGoran's blackout at the critical moment was highly suspect. Hodge argued that McGoran had not recognized the young man who pointed the gun at him, but accused Gary Lescallett because of his rage that Gary had dared to fight him. The defense explained that those witnesses who said they saw a short boy (obviously Bebe) pointing the gun were not lying: the police and the media had simply convinced them they'd seen it five seconds sooner.

It took the jury five days to acquit all six defendants of murder and attempted murder, and to acquit Tony and Nelson of all three charges. The jury was hung on burglary for the other four. Some of the jurors felt the brothers had done *something* wrong, but the evidence didn't tell them what: recent possession of stolen property is not in itself proof of burglary. Hanging on the burglary charge was the jury's way of telling the defense: Okay, they're not guilty, but don't think we've bought all your talk about "people's tribunals." A few felt threatened by the defense's documentation of police corruption, and this made it especially painful for them to acquit.

The acquittals and the subsequent release of the brothers on bail created ecstasy throughout the Mission and vindicated Los Siete, which had insisted on the brothers' innocence for 18 months. But the acquittals were not political victories, because the media had managed to obscure the real issues involved: the profound racism and corruption of the whole police establishment, not just McGoran, and the day-to-day oppression of latin people. The real victories would be won not in courtrooms but in storefront legal defense offices and people's clinics.

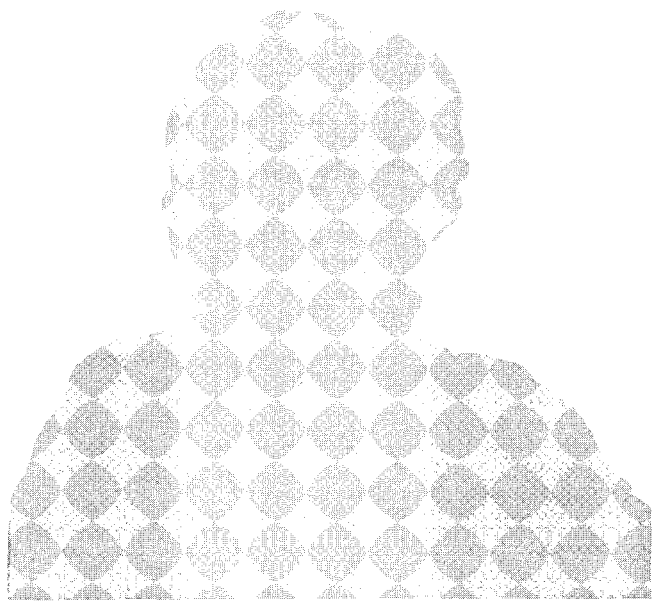
Immediately after the verdict, Cleary nudged Norman to call San Mateo County and have them file charges of armed robbery and car theft. A disconsolate Norman was overheard to reply, "Fuck it." Cleary ran out to do it himself. The minimum penalty for these offenses is five-years-to-life, and if they are convicted, Los Siete, like all political prisoners, will be kept in jail as long as possible.

[BASTA YA!]

JUST BEFORE THE TRIAL ended, the Mission Coalition, which Mayor Alioto had made unofficial spokesman for the district, held its third annual convention. The Coalition had just helped appoint an acquiescent "Model Cities Planning Board," and massive urban renewal could be expected to begin in another year. Los Siete's newspaper, *Basta Ya!*, had described how renewal would raise property values so high that brown people would be forced out of the Mission, and the district would become, as planners hoped, a center for middle-class high-rises and for tourism.

By the time the convention arrived, the Los Siete organization had convinced many community leaders that the Coalition was useless. When the leadership of the Coalition began to push through its agenda with a distinct lack of finesse—cutting off floor microphones when opponents began to speak—about a third of the delegates walked out, shouting, *"Vendido!"* ("Sell-out"), *"Oportunista!"* and, most tellingly, *"Mafioso!"* With that sense of liberation which comes from rejecting untenable and compromising situations, the rebels resolved to form a new grass roots organization that would not sell out.

This was only one sign of the Mission's new confidence and desire to guide its own destiny. "Something in the community is different now," says Oscar Rios, one of José's brothers and a founder of Los Siete. "Signs on the wall mean something [referring to the ubiquitous "Free Los Siete" graffiti]. People can change; I'm sure of that now. I used to be an acid freak, and I lived in Daly City [to the south]. So I thought I was better than these people. The Mission was more dirty. I would spend my time goofing around, watching that lousy TV like I was hypnotized. I think if this wouldn't have happened, I'd still be tripping. But this experience of your mind opening is really good. It was like a wall in front of me that disappeared."

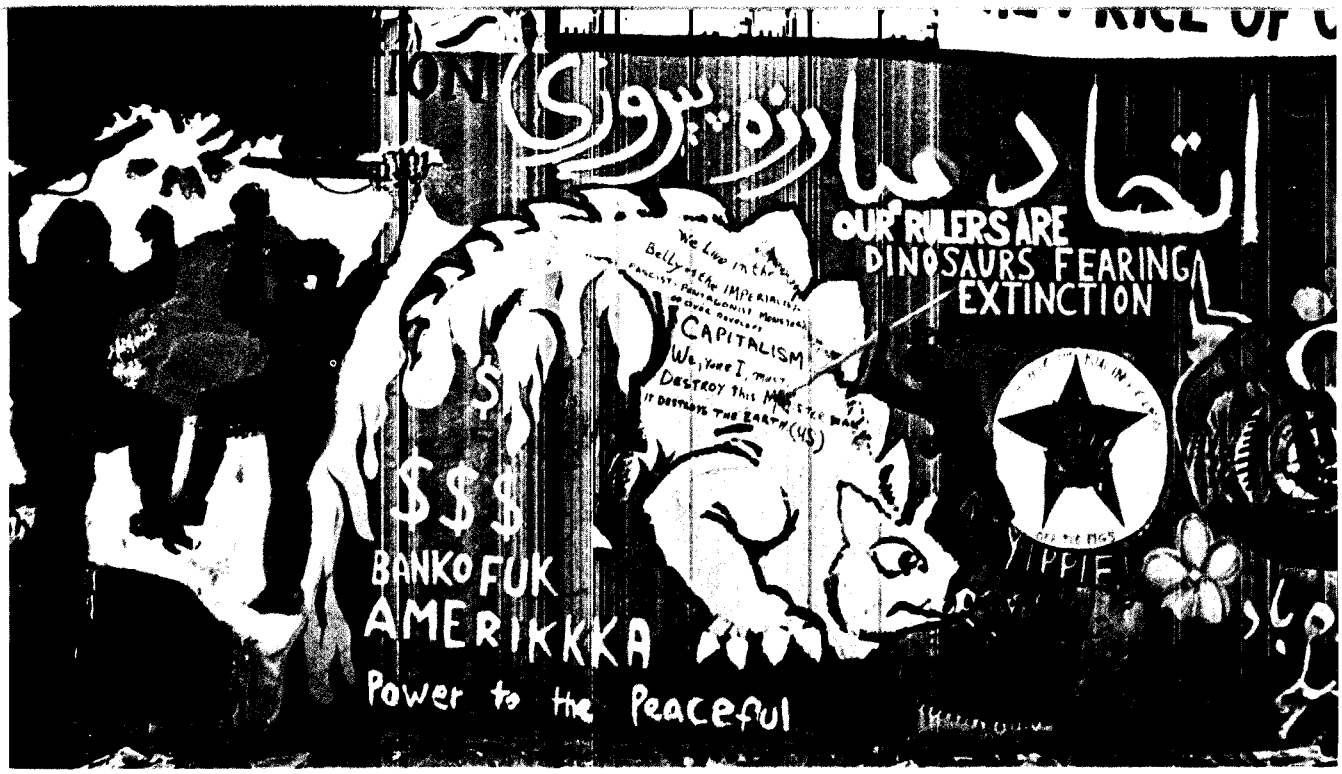


Gio Lopez

Los Siete de la Raza is not sanctioned by the War on Poverty. The clinic, legal defense and newspaper (subscriptions are $3) all operate on a shoestring and desperately need money. Funds are also needed to fight the charges of car theft, a crime committed without harm to anyone, when the brothers were running for their lives. Los Siete's address is P. O. Box 12217, San Francisco, California 94112.

Marjorie Heins is a free-lance journalist and lives in San Francisco.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Revolutionary Karma vs. Revolutionary Politics

IT HAS BEEN ALMOST TWO YEARS since SDS went "revolutionary," splitting into Marxist-Leninist sects and Weatherman guerrillas. They haven't been good years for anyone; and on balance they haven't been good for the left at all. To be sure, there is still a growing *culture* of revolution, which is what people usually mean when the refer to the "Movement"—a profound and reflective alienation of the spirit from a system cancerous with racism, exploitation and its own aggressive expansion. The present government has done everything in its power to increase this disaffection. It clings to an imperial war for which it has no popular support and which it has pledged to give up. It is so dependent on racist political alliances that even the liberal disguise of civil rights tokenism is no longer sustained. It is unable to hide the costs of capitalist prosperity, which have been dramatically revealed by the ecology movement; and the long economic boom is over, with welfare rolls mounting and budgets shrinking and the strains in the economic system impelling the government flagrantly to create the longest recession since 1933 and the highest unemployment in 18 years, while 30 per cent of the nation's manufacturing capacity stands idle.

But just when all these forces have converged to create the most fertile field for radical organizers since the Great Depression, they are virtually absent from serious politics. Not only is there no national organization of the left with any breadth of composition and program, but the main motion is in other directions: towards new "life-styles" rather than new constituencies, towards political communes and collectives rather than parties and coalitions, towards underground violence rather than aboveground organizing. What appears to be lacking is not only the ability but the very *will* to mobilize the new energy of discontent and to convert it into a real force against the system.

In this new culture of life-styles it has become fashionable for the group to mercilessly criticize individuals and their "bourgeois" failings. But there has been no similar impulse toward self-criticism at the organizational level. This, of course, has never been a notable feature of "vanguards"; but the growing disparity between the potential for organizing on the left and the vacuum of organized radical action (notwithstanding a rash of bombings and other militant gestures by small groups) has become impossible to ignore. If all this was not clear before, it is now that the most celebrated of the revolutionary vanguards, Weatherman, has seized the time to call for a change of political course in an underground communique which even for its unspoken admissions took a lot of courage to issue.

Photographs by Elihu Blotnick/BBM

by David Horowitz

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"NEW MORNING—CHANGING WEATHER" opens with reflections on the heaviest event in Weatherman's brief and mercurial history. This is the "townhouse explosion" of about a year ago in which three young Weatherpeople were accidentally killed while manufacturing "anti-personnel bombs" to be used in what the statement describes as a "large scale, almost random bombing offensive." The object of the offensive was "to hurt the pigs materially" because a previous firebombing attempt using less heavy technology had failed to do so. The contemplated "offensive" was evidently connected with no other objective or planned political action. According to the new communique: "The townhouse forever destroyed our belief that armed struggle is the only revolutionary struggle. It is time for the movement to go out into the air, to organize, to risk calling rallies and demonstrations, to convince that mass actions against the war in support of rebellions do make a difference. Only acting openly, denouncing Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell, and sharing our numbers and wisdom with young sisters and brothers will blow away the fears of the students at Kent State, the smack (heroin) of the Lower East Side, and the national silence after the bombings of North Vietnam."

Anyone familiar with the development of Weatherman will be immediately struck by the tragic ironies which echo through this passage, the more so in that the politics which it advocates are such an obvious imperative now, as they have been throughout Weatherman's existence. For it was Weatherman which, as a leadership faction in SDS, collaborated in the destruction of the only national youth organization capable of carrying out the actions it now calls for. It was Weatherman that blazed the trail to the political underground where it presently exists in hunted isolation. And it was Weatherman that defined the political context in America as a "war" situation, projecting itself as a white combat force behind the lines. Moreover, the awful accident in the townhouse followed by only three months the famous Weatherman "War Council" in Flint, Michigan, where Charles Manson became a heroic symbol and "the heavier the better" was enshrined as the criterion for revolutionary action. Yet despite all this the new statement declares that as a result of the accident "the future of our revolution has been changed decisively."

One may legitimately ask two questions. The first is why it took a year, during which bombing was celebrated as the revolutionary way in a series of communiques, to come to this realization. The second question is perhaps more answerable: how is it possible for an accident, however tragic and painful, to lead to such a momentous result, unless the direction of revolutionary action was irresponsible and unpolitical in the first place?

But in the most characteristic aspect of the Weather Bureau statement there is no effort to analyze the politics of the problem or even to recognize the need for such an analysis. Weatherman's self-conception as a vanguard doesn't require its leadership to justify itself in political terms. Analysis is reserved for "academic ideologues"; and a revolutionary *ethos* becomes its own justification.

As if to emphasize the immunity of its political *modus operandi* from critical inspection, the Weatherman communique says that the tendency to consider "only bombings or picking up the gun as revolutionary" is a "military error"—seeming to imply that it is not political. But of course it not only *is* political, it goes to the very heart of the Weatherman strategy. By defining the situation inside America as a war situation very early in its career, Weatherman chose a politics that inevitably forced it underground as an organization, where it has now become aware—in the words of the communique—"that a group of outlaws who are isolated from the youth communities do not have a sense of what is going on, cannot develop strategies that grow to include large numbers of people, have become 'us' and 'them.' " If this political impasse is to be avoided by future vanguards, then its sources must be understood.

To say that Weatherman "chose" a politics that forced it underground is not to ignore or deny the tremendous repression that the State has unleashed on all organized rebellion and dissent in America, but only to draw the proper balance between objective and subjective factors in one particular case. Virtually from the outset, Weatherman projected *itself* as an outlaw vanguard, and undertook actions, such as the Chicago "Days of Rage," which drew little political support but were seen as a proving ground for future combat forces, with "victory" being defined as having demonstrated that the enemy's military could be assaulted in open street-battle by a psyched-up "revolutionary" attack force. In short, going underground, becoming an outlaw band of urban guerrillas, was less an alternative forced on Weatherman than an *ideal* of revolutionary struggle to which they themselves aspired.

IT IS RELATIVELY EASY NOW, as it was at the outset of Weatherman's career, to see the errors which were to lead them to such political bankruptcy and personal grief. In the first place, there was a drastic underestimation of the strength of the enemy. At this stage and with the present activated forces, the barricades of ruling-class power cannot be taken by revolutionary storm. American revolutionaries are dealing with the strongest power structure in the world, not one of its satrapies in some outlying outpost of the empire. In the second place, Weatherman overestimated its own strength, or more accurately the potential of the forces it was attempting to catalyze—principally the white youth ghettos to which it still refers as apparently its only revolutionary constituency. For it remains to be shown that the values of the Woodstock Nation will lead in practice to a sustained revolt against the dominant culture and its power structure. That there is no necessity in such a development is clear in the nonprogram articulated in Charles Reich's *The Greening of America,* where the mechanism of social change (as in all traditional religions) is an evangelical approach towards a changed consciousness. The third, and perhaps most important, political error committed by Weatherman, as already indicated, was in calling for a "war" against the American State in the absence of any support for armed conflict or any understanding of the class terms of such a conflict, so that the revolutionaries would be seen as potential allies by oppressed Americans rather than as fifth column aliens, cardboard figures in the classic nightmares of the witch-hunting right.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All this said, it must be added that the political confusion which Weatherman exhibited from the outset, and which was recognized immediately within a large part of the Movement, had no effect on Weatherman's ability to exert a profound influence on the most energetic and intelligent cadres in SDS and the Movement generally. Moreover, the key to the present paradoxical situation and impasse is contained in this very admiration. For it was the *moral* example Weatherman set, the audacity and courage, the ability to live up to a revolutionary ideal, that reduced potential critics to silence and inspired its imitators, just as it was the *moral* dimension (rather than any intellectual substance) of its argument for war inside the mother country that carried conviction. For if Vietnamese are dying and their land is being destroyed by American power, by what bizarre structure of justice in the universe does America expect to be exempted from the consequences of its deeds and have the war stop at its borders?

Weatherman itself was always primarily a moral rather than a political phenomenon. The desire to achieve political results by gaining mass support was always distinctly secondary to the necessity of proving that "white skin privilege" could be overcome, that the sons and daughters of "Amerikan" affluence could dare to die for their Asian brothers. In essence, the townhouse explosion was a moral witness, like that of the Quaker Norman Morrison, who burned himself and is now memorialized by the Vietnamese. The religious, not to say Kierkegaardian, overtones of the last preparation of the townhouse collective are deafening: "At the end, they believed and acted as if only those who die are proven revolutionaries. Many people had been argued into doing something they did not believe in, many had not slept for days. Personal relationships were full of guilt and fear." The tragic subordination of the political to the ethical, of reason to faith, led directly to the disaster: "The group had spent so much time willing themselves to act that they had not dealt with the basic technological considerations of safety. They had not considered the future: either what to do with the bombs if it had not been possible to reach their targets, or what to do in the following days." This oversight was not the result of mere carelessness, but reflected the priorities of the group. What was significant for them as revolutionaries was not the political consequence of the deed, but its *karma*. What was important was the *will* to bomb. Revolution here has almost ceased to be a strategy for social change and has become instead a yoga of perfection.

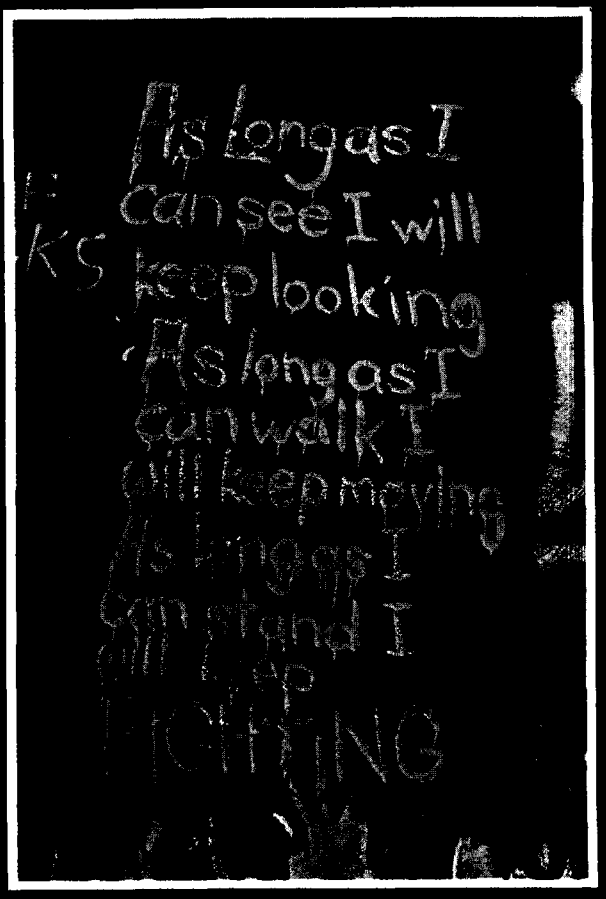
THE RELIGIOUS MODE OF revolutionary action is not exclusive to Weatherman but has already become an important tendency in the Movement. As the commune or collective becomes increasingly the life-unit of young revolutionaries, it is likely that the tendency will be intensified. For this reason, the dangers of confusing the moral and the political must be recognized and overcome if the left is not to isolate itself utterly and inflict its own defeat. It is not that communes should be abandoned, but merely that the principles of spiritual transformation and political struggle should not be confused.

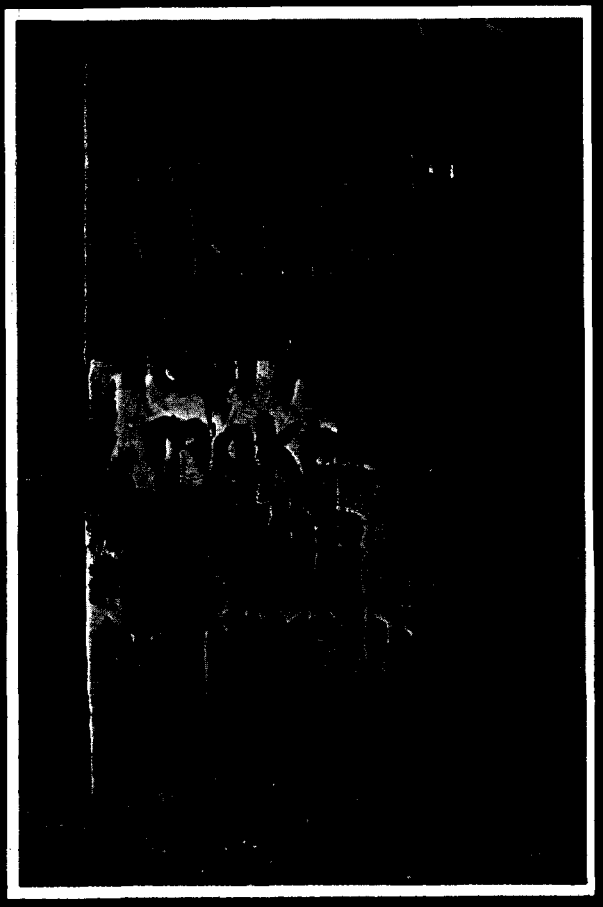
Consider the experience of a former member of a Berkeley political commune where this distinction was not recognized: "The communal hierarchy was calibrated in units of 'revolutionary-ness.' To be on top was to be the most revolutionary. There were basically two paths of ascent. If one felt confident enough, one took the direct path, trying to establish oneself in fairly traditional terms of what it

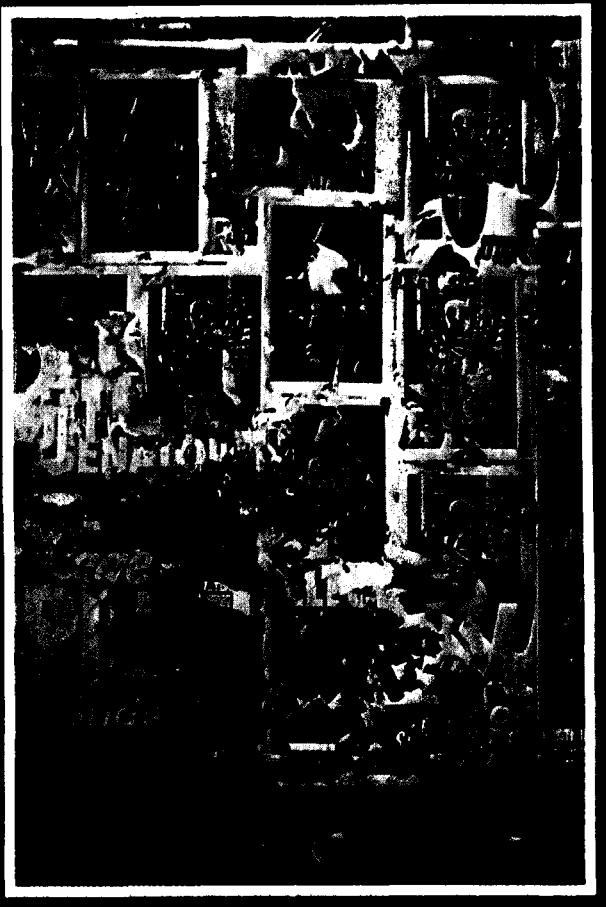
(Continued on Page 33)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

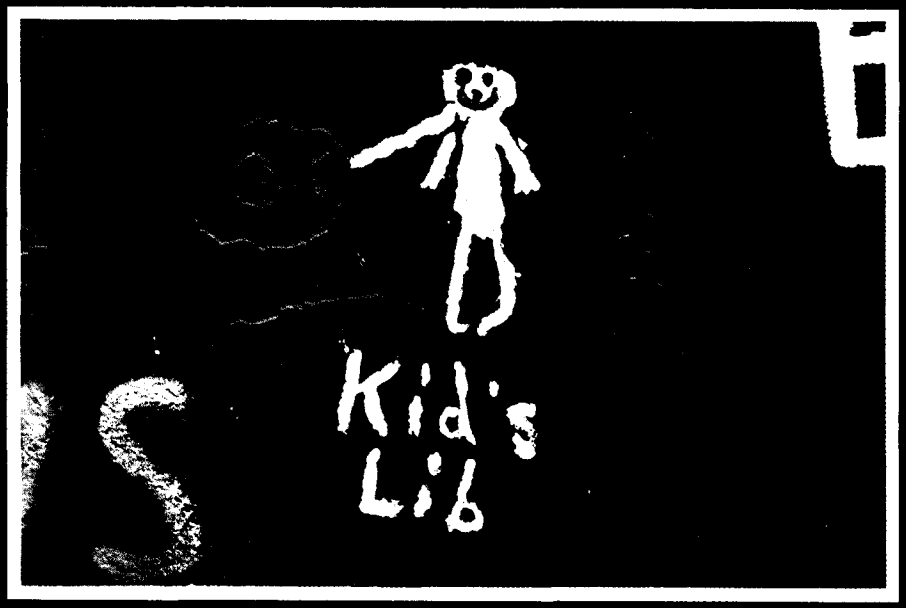
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

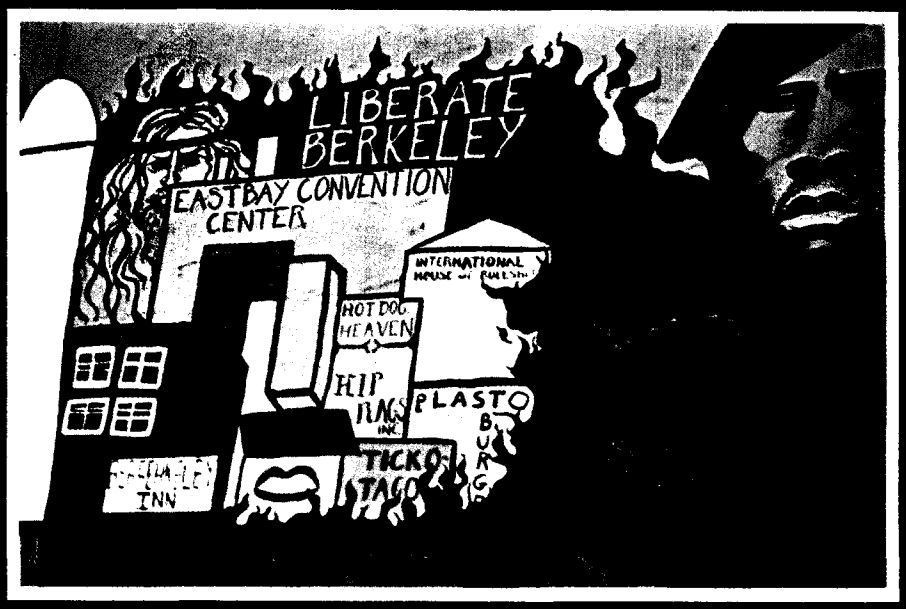






PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 29)
means to be revolutionary—disciplined, energetic, militant, self-sacrificial, etc. The indirect path was better suited for the less confident. This path consists in redefining what it means to be revolutionary usually in more personal and cultural terms." Thus even self-sacrifice can be a way to supremacy, given the present structure and social meaning of action. For no party or vanguard, commune or collective can transcend the environment in which it was born and is destined for an indefinite time to function. This indeed is the historical premise of the political-social revolution, which seeks to create the social space in which the utopias of the spirit can come to fruition.

"Like any other presently existing social unity," the ex-communard observes, "a commune, regardless of how revolutionary it is, is permeated with hierarchy, competition and domination. There are structural incentives which induce psychological violence. There are real things to be won and lost. The collective interest of revolutionaries is not much more harmonious than that of any other social group. And this is the real heartbreaker. After running from the terror of functioning within bourgeois social institutions and finally ending up in the libertarian wing of the Movement, I discovered that the dynamics of in-groups and out-groups, of pecking orders and advancing yourself at the expense of yourself as well as others, is—although more confusing because of its political garb—every bit as brutal as was my adolescent peer group, a prototype of bourgeois social barbarism."

The parallels between the situation inside the commune and those present in many parts of the Movement are clear. The "most revolutionary" rise to the top of a hierarchy—despite much cant against "elitism"—in both cases. This is the critical paradox of the religious striving for perfection when introduced into the social/political struggle: that the values become inverted, that the quest for purity leads to corruption, that the attempt to incarnate the pure communist spirit leads directly to the resurrection of bourgeois barbarism. For the revolutionarily virtuous naturally assume the mantle of a priesthood, and the priesthood soon flaunts the old vices: self-righteousness, arrogance and privilege.

From the revolutionary vanguard which serves the people in the name of the revolutionary ideal, to the inquisitorial vanguard which indicts the people for failing to live up to the ideal, the transition is swift. The slogans "fight the people" and "trash the mass movement"—notorious ideological detritus of the Weatherman episode—are but the audacious formulations of a mood that is present wherever a "true" communist casts his eye on an unpurified white-skin-privileged child of the bourgeoisie.

All this is not to assert the independence of politics from ethics, but merely to call attention to the proper relation between the two. Many who presently confuse the relation derive their revolutionary guidelines from precedents which they conceive to have been set by the Chinese and Vietnamese. Yet the principle of the primacy of the political is evident (even to a fault) in both revolutionary experiences. Thus, for example, when the Red Army was put under a strict moral code in regard to its treatment of civilians, that was precisely so that it could be recognized by them as the servants of their interests, their guardians as opposed to their oppressors. In short, the purpose of the stringent moral code was not to set them off from the masses, but to give them access to the masses, and win their confidence. When treated correctly, the moral superiority of the revolutionary is one of his principal weapons in the political struggle, and ultimately the source of his material superiority.

Contrast this with the new revolutionary militants. Already the moral-religious quest for the revolutionary ideal, without regard to the specific political context, has caused the left to forfeit its real moral superiority in the struggle. The willingness to adopt the rhetoric of war, of random violence ("blasting caps to the Capricorns," comments one of the underground papers in which the Weather Bureau communique appears), may in some absolute moral scale demonstrate the personal liberation of these revolutionaries from complicity in America's genocide, and may symbolically invade the imperial sanctuary. But in the time-bound realm of the political and in the atmosphere of moral ambiguity through which most people trudge, it has only lost the left its necessary role as a protector, as guardian of the human concern and antidote to the killer system.

IF GROUPS LIKE WEATHERMAN and the revolutionary hucksters and hipsters who have followed in its wake have done nothing else, they have helped to create a climate in which members of the Movement—let alone potential allies—no longer feel confident of their vanguards, but in fact feel threatened by them, morally if not physically. Perhaps the most damaging effect of the Weatherman syndrome is that even those who would neither join nor endorse them still accept them as the true revolutionaries. Whatever else they were they are certainly a hard act to follow. Now the workaday political organizing that must be done will seem only the shadow of an act, compared to the setting of a bomb. People have to regain confidence in the legitimacy of their politics.

The Weatherman communique itself points to this lesson. It notes that Terry Robbins, who died in the townhouse, had previously prepared the political groundwork for the student awakening at Kent State, which came to fruition in the student strike against the invasion of Cambodia. No bombing offensive that Terry Robbins and his few comrades could have carried out could have matched, in real practical aid to the revolutionaries not only of Indochina but all of the Third World, the political work that he did in raising the anti-imperial, anti-war consciousness at Kent State. The imperial system is global and its margins are thin. Political struggle which denies Washington the ability to take on any intervention it deems necessary—perhaps Chile tomorrow, South Africa the day after—may be the critical factor in the destruction of the empire and the ultimate, practical survival of mankind. But it can only accomplish these ends if it can organize large masses of Americans—white as well as black and brown, straight as well as hip, worker as well as student, old as well as young.

"Serious politics," Lenin once remarked, "begin where millions of men and women are; where there are not thousands, but millions." Or, as another Lennon, John, recently said, "Let's own up now and see who's who, who is doing something about what, and who is making music and who is laying down bullshit."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collage by Barry Shapiro

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Watch Out: Prosperity Is Just Around the Corner (Again)

"The American economy has been a junkie since ...World War I"

ECONOMISTS DON'T HAVE VERY much to do with what happens to the economy, but the degree to which they have been effective in recent years has been, on balance, damaging. Their advisory function—directly, in government; indirectly, in print and in the academy—may be compared closely to the sort given by the Pentagon military- and RAND-types in Indochina. After the economy began to move into inflationary trouble in 1967 and into contraction in 1969, each "bad" sign along the way was interpreted by the economists who spoke for the profession and the government as aberrant, but each "good" sign was seen as significant, meaningful—exactly as happens with the official reports on the Vietnam war. There is always a sport or two in any profession whose voice can be heard, and occasionally acted upon, especially in the midst of turmoil. General Gavin got his way on the enclave proposal, which allows the U.S. to murder and rule in Indochina while America sleeps—although the end of that story is yet to be told. Like Gavin, Milton Friedman is sophisticated and attentive, and a year or so ago he could see that the economy was in trouble better than the rest of the profession could. Right on! He thought the trouble could be corrected without too much pain if the federal government would increase the money supply by five per cent or so. They did, but the trouble remained. Wrong on! What now, Milton?

The nasty mixture of continuing inflation and rising unemployment is likely to continue—not ad infinitum, but until the contraction of the economy becomes severe enough to halt the rise in prices. One can only guess at just when that will be; my own guess is that a rate of something between seven and eight per cent unemployed will suffice to bring consumer price inflation below four per cent per annum—and that should be reached some time early this year. By then, even Nixon will cease talking about inflation; and even McCracken (before or after his resignation from the Council of Economic Advisors) may find it appropriate to retract his marvelously candid statement of October 1970, when, in response to a reporter's question as to what conditions might cause him to acknowledge that the Nixon economic "game plan" isn't working, he said there weren't any. As in Vietnam, we just keep winning, no matter what other evidence presents itself. But pathetic though the military and paramilitary analyses of the Indochina war are, we can't laugh at them, because they prolong murder; and so it is with the economics profession: the inflation and the contraction have already hurt millions upon millions of people whose lives were rough enough before the troubles multiplied—and the worst is yet to come.

Economically speaking, "the worst" usually conjures up images of the Great Depression. But what is usually meant in evoking that era—unemployment going to 25 per cent, with associated quantitative disasters of production, business failures and the like—does not apply here. Our troubles already include growing unemployment, and there will be more of it as the economy's bad cold turns into influenza. But our troubles are more complicated, more difficult to cope with, than those signified even by this metaphor: the weakness of influenza plus a high fever—but all of this taking place inside a body that has been kept alive and vigorous with pills of varying colors. The American economy has been a junkie since at least the years surrounding World War I, although for present purposes an analysis need not begin earlier than

by Doug Dowd

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World War II and the manner in which it allowed the malignancies of the pre-war economy to be forgotten. It is more than symptomatic of our present difficulties that the acceptable vocabulary of discussion and the conventional standards for judging the performance of the economy—prices, overall employment, and output—are those concocted for the crisis of the Thirties. They became enshrined in economic analysis in the boom years of the Forties and Fifties, as St. Paul Samuelson spread the gospel of Our Lord Keynes (who would be only slightly less offended than Christ by the narrow version of his teaching that now holds sway).

Among economists' fantasies, a favorite is that "We have learned a lot since the Thirties. We have the policies to keep us from, or get us out of, a serious *recession*." ("Depression" is a word no economist would ever use anymore. "Depressions" are extinct.) But this is incorrect for the same complex political reasons that explain our deepening recession-*cum*-persisting inflation—a process which, it must be understood, defies the economists' faith that "tolerable" amounts of unemployment could easily be traded off against "tolerable" amounts of inflation—and all this by "fine tuning." Fine tuning doesn't do much good when the tubes are weak; but economists these days are much like the TV audience in that they don't understand how the set works. Where that analogy breaks down, and uncomfortably, is that TV-watchers can call in a repairman; but the economist *is* the repairman.

CONNECTED WITH ECONOMISTS' present inability to understand the economy is their longstanding refusal to analyze why the post-war period has been as "prosperous" as it has been. That refusal is understandable, for the explanation for the prosperity is not a pretty one. It was World War II, not peacetime New Deal policies, that lifted us out of the Great Depression. Ten per cent of the population was unemployed at the end of 1941. In 1949, just before Korea, unemployment had gone over five per cent again, and while that splendid little war buoyed the economy for a few years, from 1954 on unemployment never went below four per cent, and was over five per cent for seven out of the next ten years. In 1965 the war got hot and the unemployment rate went below five per cent and stayed there until the fall of 1970.

If hot war wasn't the only major factor working to give us a "healthy economy" after 1946, the consequences of World War II and the onset of the Cold War filled out the picture. The U.S.'s expenditure of one trillion, one hundred billion dollars on the military since 1946 is most important, of course. But direct and indirect military expenditures were added to and facilitated by a whole string of institutions—the Marshall Plan and NATO, Point Four and ECA (Economic Cooperation Administration, later MCA—and one can guess what the "M" stands for), the OAS and Alliance for Progress, SEATO and, much later, the Asian Bank. And behind all these, both to secure American investments, markets and resource needs, and to gain cooperation in protecting the dollar, stood the World Bank, the Fund, and the Export-Import Bank.

These and other institutions brought the European and Japanese economies back to life and were associated with their great spurts from the mid-Fifties on, during which they used so much of the U.S.'s investment capital, and capital and consumer goods. Between domestic military production and expenditures made abroad and those coming from abroad, our economy was able to maintain virtually uninterrupted expansion from 1941 on, in a context both requiring and making possible a consumeristic society.

Not only did we put together an expanded empire in the process, but we also put together what seemed to be an unbeatable military force to keep it going—while also appearing to persuade the American people that their security was outdone only by their material well-being. Some persuasion was necessary, for the principal financing of the American glory was provided, as always, by those least able to afford it. It was done through the democratization of the income tax, as old Ike called the compression of rates (up from the bottom, down from the top), and by the proliferation of sales and excise taxes, a process that began under FDR and that has gone about as far as it can go. Maybe.

The 25 years since World War II have lifted the real per capita income of Americans—as indeed was essential if the productive capacity of the economy was to grow as it did. In the years after 1965, however, when the Vietnam war was escalated, the rise in real income for the bottom four-fifths of the population ceased, but the hitherto acceptable costs of having that happen (rising prices and taxes) did not.

But doesn't war stimulate the economy, provide jobs, and (setting politics and morality aside) make things economically good? Under specified conditions, the answer is yes; but those specified conditions have not been met in the past few years. One of those conditions, the one that enables inflation to be minimized, is that the people must be willing to pay taxes that involve some kind of conscious diversion from consumption to war. But our involvement in Southeast Asia was originally hidden, and when the bombing of North Vietnam began and it couldn't be hidden anymore and couldn't be justified in comprehensible terms, the Indochina war also became unpopular. Could LBJ go to the American people and ask for a war tax that would hold down inflation? He could; but what he would have gotten would not have been the taxes, but an opposition to the war coming not only from long-haired students, religious freaks and others on the fringes, but also from business and labor. Assuming LBJ really believed the war could be won sometime in 1966, or surely in 1967 (and certainly by 1968, because those little yellow dwarves—as he once called the Vietnamese—would be sent to their knees), it is all the more understandable that he would let the economy ooze up into really serious inflation—and turn a few tricks to mitigate that which, like the war, would be secret. The best-known trick was selling offshore oil leases (in 1967) for revenue, those same offshore properties that now have an ooze of their own.

In short, the proper fiscal policies to support that war couldn't be pursued in 1967. When the ten per cent surtax finally came in 1968, it was not only too little and too late, but it also began to add to the economic weakness of the majority of the population, whose real wages had already begun to fall in 1965. On top of this, "buoyant" economic forces from the military were not generalized throughout the economy as much as in earlier, less fancy wars; they are now concentrated into a smaller number of capital-intensive industries—electronics, aircraft, submarines and so forth. War just doesn't do as much for jobs as it used to. . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After Nixon took office, a rise in unemployment was taken as both predictable and desirable, for he and his economists quite deliberately chose that route as the only way to curb inflation. In his (and now almost everyone's) offensive terminology, "The game plan called for a trade-off." The game, for Nixon, is one of conservative politics; and in a big business society, that means it is unquestionably desirable to take a rise in unemployment in order to halt price increases. (I recall a full-page ad from the Guaranty Trust Company in the financial section of the New York Times during the recession of 1957–58 which had the piquant headline: "What's Wrong with a Little Recession?")

Between poor advice and unconcern, the Nixon Gang bravely faced the possibility that unemployment might rise *briefly* to as much as 5 per cent from its 3.4 per cent level in March 1969. But now it is clear that the *rise* in unemployment is not going to be brief (nor as "acceptable" as five per cent), while the inflation impulse has not responded to the prescribed medicine. So we move into the worst of both worlds, as economists (like the generals in Vietnam) fight an earlier war—which was also fought badly.

HOW COME ALL THIS? Part of the answer is that in today's highly organized economy, the nature of anti-inflationary policies is such as to increase, not reduce, inflation; and that, for related (and additional) reasons, the planned-for contraction is taking on an unexpected heaviness which now seems likely to become quite serious.

The major reason that recent anti-inflationary policies have in fact *promoted* further inflation is that the monopolistic structure of the most vital markets transforms the customary meaning of a particular monetary or fiscal policy. Economists old enough to know better forget what they once learned; and the younger economists, having learned to run without knowing how to walk, have even less reason to know better.

As we examine why recent anti-inflationary policies have in fact fueled inflation, bear in mind that we shall be arguing that the Nixon Administration's politics and political commitments mean that just those policies that would be effective against inflation (and also generally desirable) cannot be seriously considered. No politician knowingly chooses such a painted-in corner if there are realistic alternatives. But standing in the way of practical anti-inflationary options are all the forces of power and privilege in American society.

Thus (to go back to the days when the problem was smaller and more manageable) the LBJ surtax not only allowed the rich to avoid it but did nothing to reduce their spending. For the lower income brackets, the surtax meant reduced consumption expenditures. However, in the heyday of inflation (from 1967 on), the most inflating sectors of consumption were in services or luxury areas (e.g., when the demand for the lower-priced cars softened, the higher-priced models took up the slack). In production, the surtax therefore had little effect on aggregate consumer goods production, and it was not intended to have any effect on capital goods or defense production.

When he took office, Nixon began a vigorous policy of monetary restraint. Was the subsequent speed-up in inflation rotten luck of some mysterious sort, or something not mysterious at all? Nixon sought higher interest rates and limits on the growth of the money supply. This brought two things down—the stock market, and the average person's ability to buy. (The stock market began its long decline just as Nixon picked up the gavel; and it is fascinating to correlate each Administration announcement on why the economy has turned the corner, with the invariable decline in the market the next day.)

Sympathy for the stock market will not be expressed here; but what about higher interest rates? What about Joe? The higher rates have to be paid out directly or indirectly by Joe for everything he buys, and especially for the items that count most in the economy (cars, appliances, houses). But higher interest rates are passed on by the corporations that produce most of what Joe buys, as are his higher wages (when he can get them). The passing-on process is another name for raising prices—i.e., increased inflation. Thus, *given a monopolistic economy,* an anti-inflationary policy that depends on higher rates of interest means that price inflation will be increased. That is what has happened, and the way it happens is nicely revealed when we note the combination of increased car prices (twice in 1970) with sagging car markets—by no means an isolated instance.

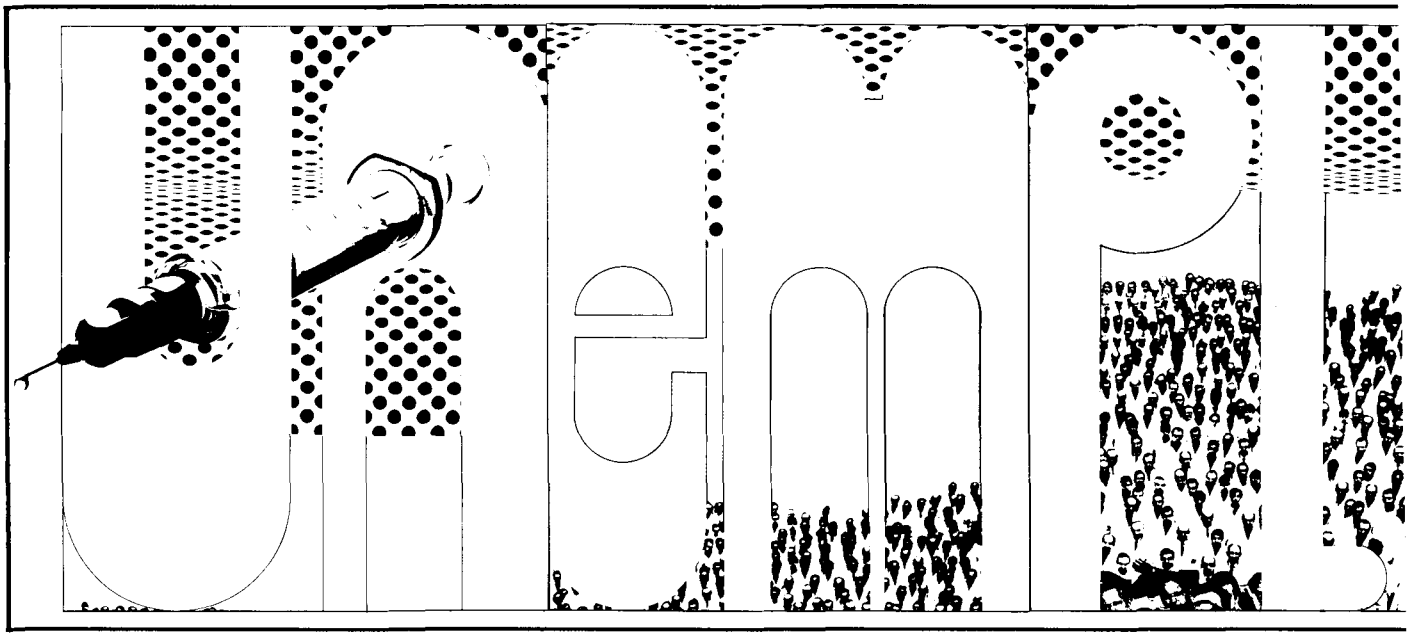
LBJ's political "logic" was thus refined by Nixon, who moved swiftly to replace inadequate direct measures with indirect (and mysterious, to the public) monetary measures. As a good conservative, opposed to all progressive income taxes, Nixon reduced the surtax and put upward pressure on interest rates—the prime source of income to the pillars of finance, and no burden at all to the corporate brethren.

So the inflation continues, and will until the economy slows down enough to rein in the price pushes of the mighty. We have not yet reached that point.

What about unemployment? Is it as bad as it seems, now that it stands at over six per cent? Indeed it is, and considerably worse, if the future is our question. It is worth pointing to some of the major problems obscured by our obsession with the raw statistic: (1) the aggregate rate, which is officially only a fraction of the higher rates for non-whites, the young, and women, is a serious understatement because the sampling process systematically neglects the oppressed and the economically marginal, and because of the definition of the unemployed—those seeking and failing to find work—and people in the foregoing categories finally cease trying, from bitter experience; (2) the rate of unemployment tells nothing of the loss in purchasing power that comes about as overtime disappears, as part-time intrudes, as commissions and salaries are cut—that is, as people go on working, and are thus "employed," but as they reduce their spending, which means less employment for the rest of the economy; (3) the very fat economy that has grown up in the past decade or so can stand a lot of trimming and still go on producing; but that trimming means reduced expenditures for research, advertising and, among other things, expense accounts. It also means that weak firms go under.

IF SUCH ARE THE REALITIES, why the devil-may-care frivolity of professional commentary? Far from being exceptional, the self-imposed and dangerous ignorance of the experts is both normal and functional, at least in its origins. Like everything else in this society, the way in which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



trouble is measured is designed to give the warning signals necessary to protect those on the top, not those on the bottom. The best arguments against inflation are those that presume to protect the weak and the innocent; but if that were the real focus, presumably policies would be designed that would place effective constraints on the powerful and the sophisticated, who make the inflation and keep it going.

It seems remarkable that all this could go on without serious comment by the economics profession, except that we live in a world where much of the same sort of thing happens in all sectors of society—where, that is, the hinges come loose, and the experts don't notice, or else see the statistically normal as a continuing flow of aberrations. So it goes with the Indochina war, the mounting fiscal and human crises of the cities, the lunacy of our entire educational system. This is to say no more than that the experts (and that includes the paid commentators in the media) are near the top of the power system, as comfortable as can be. And how could a system that put them there have anything fundamentally wrong with it?

This brings us naturally to examine the central power system of our society, which inheres in its Big Business sector. Is it possible that even these omnipotents are falling on hard times? There are signs that tend to be compelling, but they are perhaps no more than signs at the moment. What does it mean that Chrysler, Penn Central, Lockheed, Transamerica, the giant airlines, Ling-Temco-Vought and a whole range of lesser lights hang out so much dirty laundry these days? Is it because there is a slight recession? Or is it because the economic euphoria of the post-war years has led to deadly carelessness in all aspects of decision-making at the top? ("Aspects" means, here, production mix, research expenditures, financing policies, advertising programs, hiring, accounting, investment policies and, I am sure, much more.)

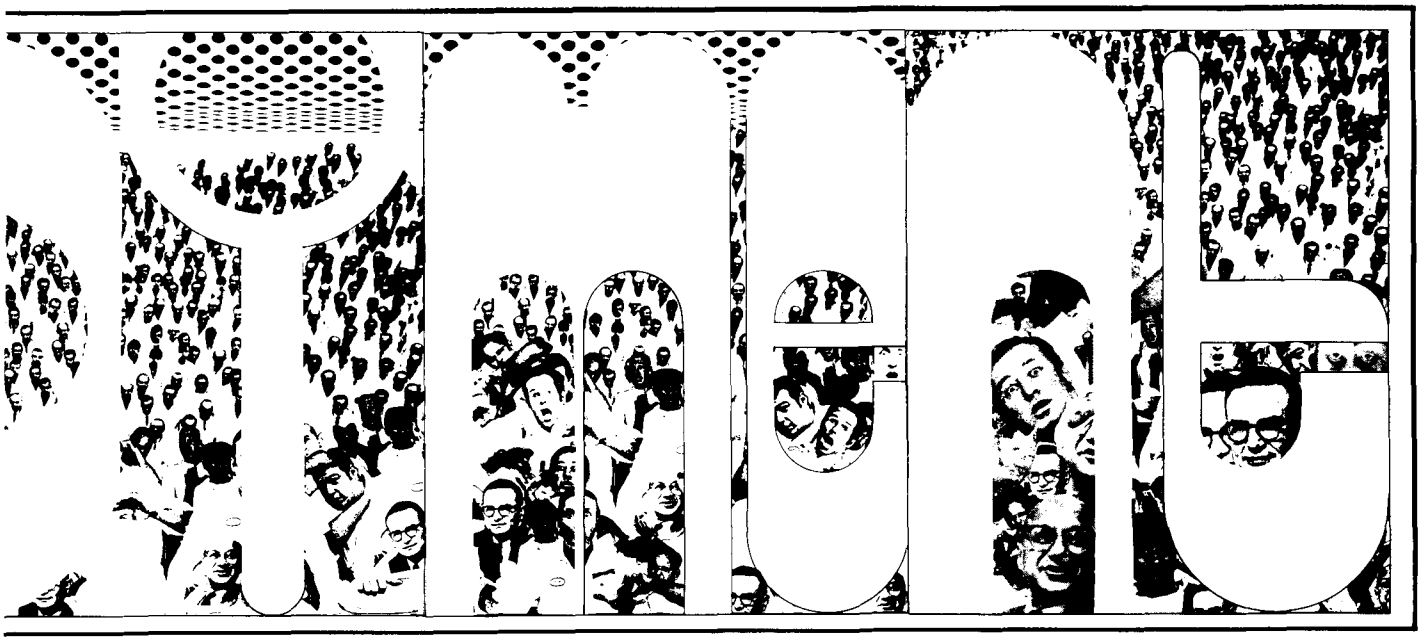
Irving Fisher, the Samuelson of the Twenties, became immortal when in 1928 he proclaimed, "The business cycle has been solved: we are on a high and permanent plateau." Businessmen may have been lulled into a similar mood by income statements over the past 20 years (not to mention the pontifications of Establishment academics). One sign of this relaxed attitude has been in the realm of capital expansion (i.e., investment in new plants and machinery) in the past two years. When industrial production began to fall steadily in 1969, capital expansion plans, far from declining (as would be expected in such circumstances), continued to rise—and this in the face of utilized capacity rates that fell from 85 to 80 to below 80 per cent. Now that the rates are down around 75 per cent, the latest surveys show that investment plans—the heart of business expansion and general prosperity—are moving toward zero increase compared to last year. Memories are improving as profits decline.

UNTIL YESTERDAY, THEN, there was a growing inclination for businessmen to forget what they used to know in their bones: capitalism is a fierce system for all concerned, and it's each for himself and God for all. The delusion was understandable, given the immense power of post-war American capitalism compared with the weakened economies of Europe and Japan, the seemingly open pastures of the Third World, the marvelous and continuing stimuli of the Cold War, the passive acquiescence of a once-combative trade union movement, and the total absence of any ideological or political group to contest with business for control of the society or control of the State. All this and more lulled businessmen into taking longer and longer gambles, even while the basis for such gambles was being systematically eroded.

The Europeans and the Japanese recovered from their World War II devastation and are stronger than ever; the Third World peoples keep increasing the costs of empire and decreasing its benefits; the Cold War stimuli go on, but now defensively, and with an impact confined to fewer and fewer corporations—and the rate of *increase* of expenditures (a vital statistic) is down sharply; the acquiescent trade unions, under the impact of falling real wages, have begun—if in their limited ways—to cause real trouble (GE, Teamsters, UAW, the rail unions, and next the steel, can and aluminum workers); and if there is no ideological grouping to seek

Collage by Iver Flom and Barry Shapiro

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



power, there are the non-whites, the young and the poor who reject the standards of the society and the authority of the State, and whose efforts will require an unprecedented — and I believe unsuccessful—resort to coercion. Everything comes unstuck in ways that are beyond the capacity of a Nixon to put together again, try as he will. It now begins to look as though any policy change will create two problems, two political enemies, for every one it resolves. Poor Richard.

It is the ways in which Nixon tries (and will try) to solve all this that are of most relevance. He cannot develop the needed policies. Coercion and repression may or may not put the quietus on domestic activists, but they will not soon lift the rate of utilized capacity to 90 per cent; nor reverse the deteriorating technological-competitive position of the U.S. vis-à-vis Japan and Western Europe; nor provide the four million additional jobs—or eight per cent real rate of growth—needed in the country over the next year or so just to keep even. Nor will protectionism work to bring vitality to the American economy. The U.S. is in a position where its long prosperity and dominance have left it to rest on its oars, forgetting that in a world of national capitalist—to say nothing of hostile socialist—states, the race is never over. No rest for the wicked, as my mother used to say.

Even if we had a New Deal Administration in power, the kinds of policies now needed would not be forthcoming—as they were not in the Thirties. But we have something quite different in the Nixon Administration. As an administration that came to power, and that tries to maintain its power, on the basis of socially and economically reactionary promises, neither the Nixon Administration nor its satraps throughout the country has the inclination or the ability to move in the needed directions.

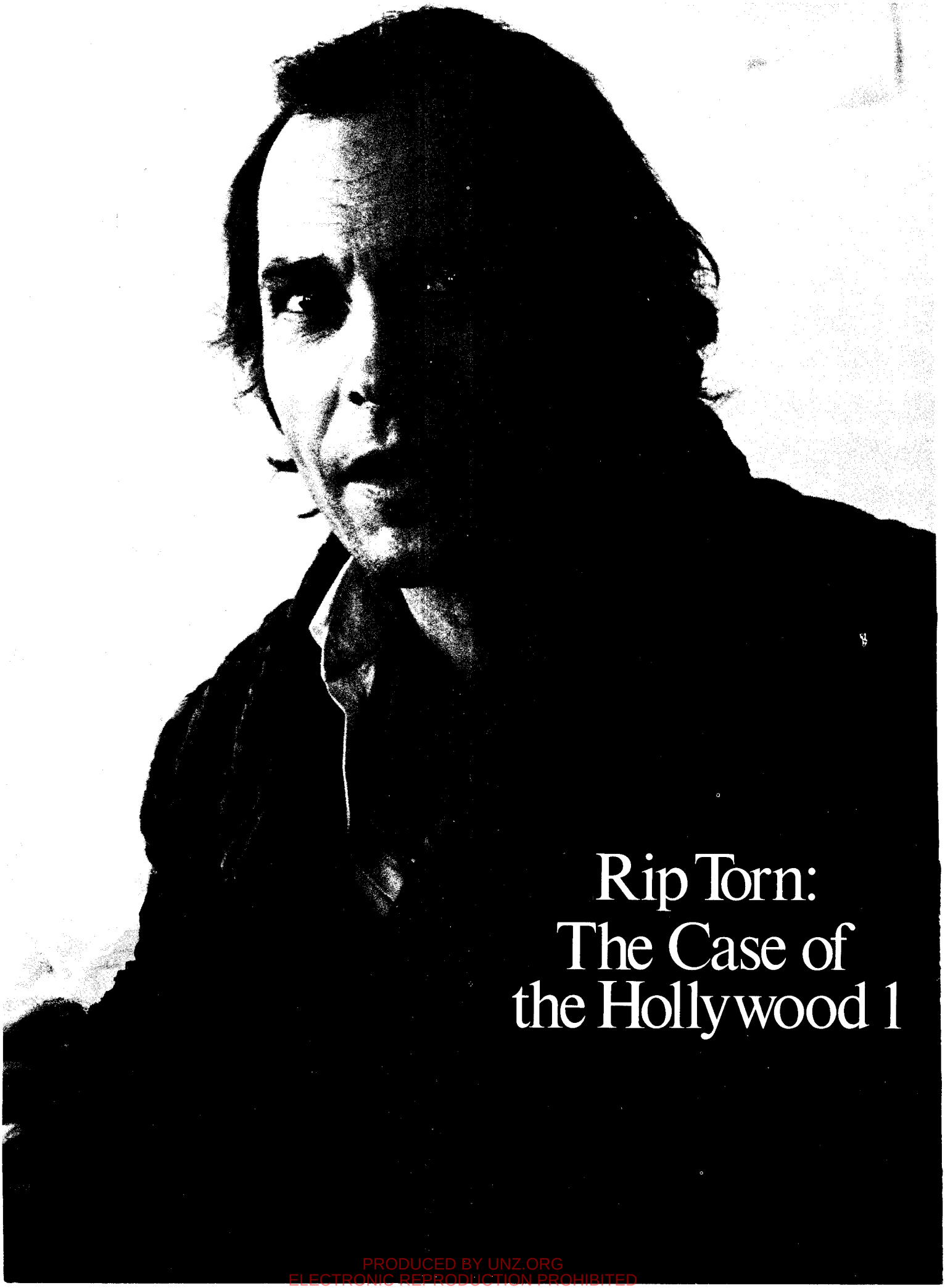
SPECIFICALLY AND NARROWLY, what kinds of policies are needed to lift the economy out of the stagnation into which it gradually sinks? "Defense" will not do, not anymore, either on political or economic grounds. Highways? No. So it comes down to policies that would be a great enlargement of anything ever attempted by FDR: really large-scale, really low-cost, housing projects; rebuilt cities; transformed schools; a vast increase in health facilities; and so on. In different terms, a *planned* budget deficit of from 30 to 50 billion dollars is necessary, and soon. From *Nixon?* From the present pattern of power, private or public, in this country? Never. From the present pattern of politically effective attitudes in this country? Of course not.

In short, the economy is falling into ever deeper trouble in its micro and macro aspects, in its financial strength and its liquidity, and in its foreign economic dealings. The policies it would take to get us out of these troubles—for it will take *policies* to do the job—are doubtless outasight for those who would most benefit from them; but those who presently have power are out of sight of such policies.

All this sounds scary. It is. But all this provides an enormous set of possibilities for a genuine radical movement. What was set in motion by young activists in the past decade (and has fallen apart so badly in the past two years) now can and must be revived in new and strong forms. The Movement of the Sixties was informed mostly by moral indignation. For its pains, it got a Nixon and increased repression. To become a movement that will change this society in humane directions, the Movement must join its moral and social concerns to a program that focuses on the death-dealing qualities of the American economy—not just for the ghettos and the youth culture, but for all who work for a living, whether with blue or white collars, and of whatever color or sex or continent. At the very moment when the prospect for such a movement seems bleakest, it is, for the same reasons, closer to our reach than ever before. To grasp that opportunity will require more work, more seriousness, more humility, more thought, and more understanding of this society and its people than either the Old or the New Left has yet put forth.

Doug Dowd is a professor of economics at Cornell University and is currently Visiting Professor of Economics at the University of California, Berkeley.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Rip Torn: The Case of the Hollywood 1

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

". . . one of the few truly excellent American actors."
—Show magazine, April 1970

THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE who consider Rip Torn the best actor in America today, but there are others who have forgotten him, and even more who've never heard of him at all. To be the *best* actor in America while simultaneously fading from people's memories—to be even a *good* actor and have that kept a secret—is just no damn good.

As everyone knows, of course, there is no such thing as a blacklist in Hollywood these days. Nevertheless, Rip Torn hasn't worked in Hollywood for nearly six years, though he has a reputation for being about the best character actor in the movies. He holds two Obies for acting and directing on the stage, and he has a long string of leading roles garnered from the days of live TV. ("I worked for all the big corporations: Alcoa, Kaiser, Kraft, U.S. Steel." And then, he can't help smiling, "My name's still very popular in the TV Guide crossword puzzles.")

The fact that he now has trouble getting work is common knowledge in the Industry. When he first came out to the West Coast he was known as "the radical from the East," then as "a cocky sonofabitch"; now studio personnel say, "Oh, yes, you mean Geraldine Page's husband."

His acting is provocative, his direction is deft—and his audiences are usually small. The Industry has slapped the whammy on him, and because the acting profession is unorganized and competitive, it has worked. The man who may be the best actor in America has been effectively isolated, and pernicious rumors, gossip columnists and studio heads have all succeeded in keeping the current going while Rip swims upstream. Ask almost anybody and they'll inform you that Rip Torn is a violent, seething paranoid (and a faggot) who doesn't know what's for his own good. "Well, I don't really know Rip, but that's what I've heard."

Hollywood is not a *bad* place; they don't want to keep *good* actors out of work. You keep bringing them in for another chance, and if their ideas don't change, if they don't know who the boss is (or if they do know and don't keep their mouth shut), well, they're just biting their nose to spite their face. As Louis B. Mayer testified before the old HUAC Committee when asked why someone in a high-paying profession would espouse unpopular ideas, "My own opinion is . . . they're cracked!"

And so it is no accident that Rip Torn's non-career is almost as illustrious as his real one, providing a series of "almost" parts and projects. Rip was *almost* in *The Rain People,* he was *almost* in *Easy Rider,* he was *almost* in *The Sand Pebbles,* ad infinitum. But just the moment before consummation, something always seems to intercede, falls between the motion and the act, and Rip Torn is again on the unemployment rolls. Interruptus.

"You have a reputation," producer Robert Wise told Rip after rejecting him for *The Sand Pebbles,* "for undependability, unpredictability, unreliability; a troublemaker, a boozer, a chaser; subversive, uncontrollable; smoking marijuana, getting high . . . can't bring you down. I don't think I could handle you. You see, we're going to Taiwan, Hong Kong. With the Chinese it's a matter of face. You scare me. You might create an international incident."

"At that moment I knew I might never work again in Hollywood," said Rip. Just before that he had had one of those strange incidents which keep cropping up in his life, while dove-hunting with some industrialists, missile manufacturers and real estate men down in Arizona for the white-wing season. "You should do your work and keep your mouth shut," they said. "Tell your friends they may believe the McCarthy era is over, but we're here to tell you it's not. The list is going to be reactivated."

One of the major accusations against Rip is that he's paranoid. Rip is the first to agree. He is perhaps one of the most well-adjusted paranoids in the world, because his paranoia is not based exclusively on pathology but on fact and intuition . . . divination. He is almost a "sensitive." And when the suspicion of blacklisting crops up, it aggravates that paranoia, makes it unpredictable and almost psychic. Just recently Rip starred in Connie Bromberg's play about his father, *Dream of a Blacklisted Actor.* In it, Rip played Ed. His son, Terry, challenges him:

> . . . How do you know there's a blacklist? You blame everything on it. But what if I said there is no blacklist? It's all in your mind! . . . You've dreamt up a whole world to justify your failure! . . .

Although the play only ran for three performances, everyone who saw it agrees that Rip was marvelous. "He is physically and characteristically nothing like Edward Bromberg," says Dustin Hoffman, "and yet it is amazing the way he made that part come alive, playing a man so much older than he himself really is. And with such feeling!" Actors call it "emotional memory." In Rip's case, capturing the character's age is remarkable, but the feeling. . . ? Stanislavsky said, "Never allow yourself externally to portray anything that you have not inwardly experienced and which is not even interesting to you."

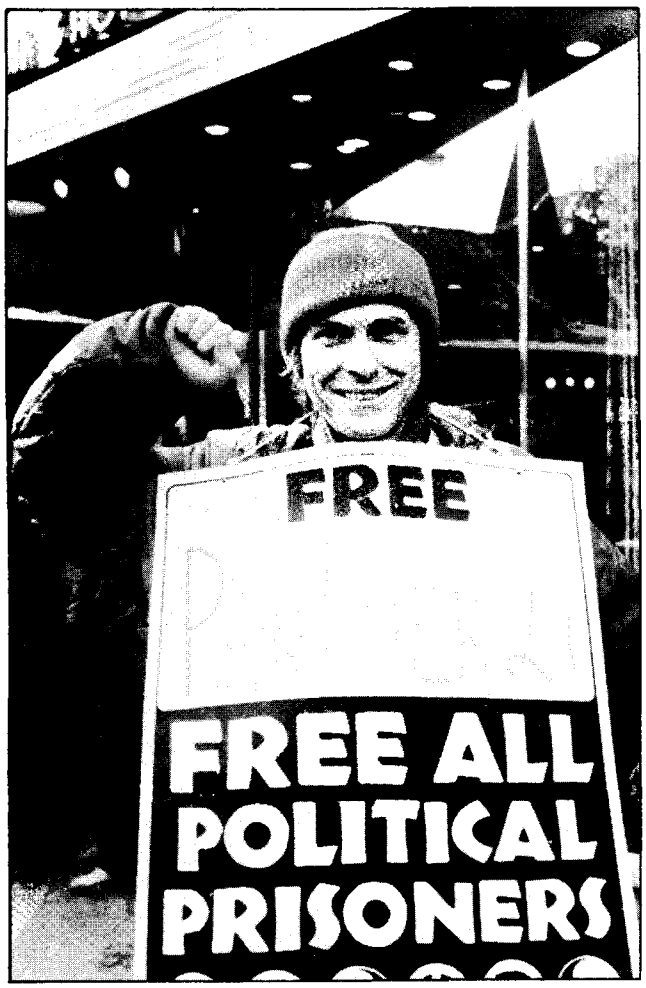
[1]

I FIRST MET RIP IN PHOENIX, Arizona, at a plastic motel near the airport. The lobby was something out of Alphaville, with red plastic imitation naugahyde, a mannequin for a desk clerk, veneered walls, and two huge, imposing vending machines with everything from 25-cent prophylactics to $1.50 phylacteries. Outside was a swimming pool which smelled heavily of chlorine. It was surrounded by a hundred rooms with colorfully painted doors, each with a plaque bearing the name of a movie star. There was John Wayne, Bob Hope, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman. I think we found Rip inside Bette Davis. When I inquired later on if there was a room named after him, he just grunted.

by Craig Pyes

Photo by Richard Busch

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Our visit awakened him. He had been up all the night before in Hollywood, getting the shaft on a screen test from Tucker and Mazursky. "The motherfuckers were just playing with me," he said, shaking the shocks of hair from his eyes. He was unshaven and haggard, but one could see a light kindling in his eyes and a kind of silent energy beginning to move about his body. His friends refer to this phenomenon as a certain "animalness" he possesses, a presence.

"Let's get going," he said, putting on a blue knitted hunting cap. "I don't know what we're going to do about your hair," he said to me as we were just about to start for the Mexican border. "Can't you roll it up or something, put it under a hat?" Then somebody produced some cocaine. "Wellllll, just a minute," he said, closing the hotel door. There was no place flat to lay the coke out but on the frontispiece of the King James Bible the Gideon people had left in the room. There was nothing to sniff it through but a $100 bill. In the back pages—I think in one of the Prophets—Rip discovered a $10 bill someone had left. "Shucks," he said, pulling it out carefully as if it were bait on a mousetrap.

Humble but stoned, we managed somehow to get through at the border. My hair was tucked up underneath a hunting cap and, displayed on my otherwise Jewish chest, was a large, florid, mother-of-pearl crucifix. "You a *heeepee*?" scowled the guard. Rip turned to me nervously: "They're going to nail me; just watch." We had shotguns concealed in our sleeping bags in order to do some hunting down in Alamos, but nobody nailed us.

As we drove through Sonora, Rip told us about an abortive revolt of students and workers in the provincial capital of Hermosillo that was crushed by the army after about a week, sending the leaders of the revolt fleeing to sanctuary in the surrounding mountains.

"It sounds like *Viva Zapata!*" said one of the women who were with us.

"That's what pisses me off," said Rip.

"What? What pisses you off?" I said, trying to stay on top of the quick, disjunctive connections of Rip's mind.

"The Young Lords seized this church in Harlem, and they got *Viva Zapata!* to show. By Kazan. Man, Kazan's a fink. He named names during the McCarthy period, and then published a justification of it in the goddamn New York Times. I mean, it just pisses me off to have these revolutionaries applauding a film by a goddamn fink, after going out and doing this beautiful revolutionary act, seizing this church and demanding food and medical care for the Puerto Rican community. Kazan only made that film to assuage his own conscience."

As we approached Guaymas, Rip's anger suddenly blew over and he began to laugh. "Maybe I shouldn't say anything," he said. "Here we're going down to my place, which used to be the fucking colonial governor's palace. It was from my house the fucking French Imperialists used to rule the whole Southwest. . . ."

[II]

RIP WAS BORN Elmore Rudolph Torn, Jr., on February 6, 1931, in Temple, Texas ("The Heart of Texas"), near the Brazos River, an area of blackland, cotton and farming. At five he moved to Taylor, and then to Longview, where he grew up studying birds in the fields and their flight patterns in the sky.

It was one thing being born "Elmore Rudolph," quite another being born a "Junior." It was Rip's father who made the first move, changing his name to "Rural Torn." Rip followed suit, changing his to "Rual," and finally giving in to the old family nickname of "Rip." That's right! There are more Rip Torns on heaven and earth than is dreamt of in your lexicography—e.g., Rip's uncle Rip Torn, or even Rip's father, who was also called Rip Torn. But that would make Rip "Rip Torn JUNIOR!" wouldn't it? It's not that Rip changed his name to become an actor—in fact, at one time it was the reverse: he had to change his name to *stay* an actor. This happened back in the late '50s, when he was doing a live TV show for U.S. Steel in which he played a "wetback." U.S. Steel clamped its iron hand down, and the Theatre Guild followed suit, demanding that Rip change his name. "Who ever heard of a wetback named 'Rip'?" So for one night, Rip became "Eric" Torn. But who ever heard of a wetback named "Eric"? So he changed it back to Rip, which it has remained ever since.

In 1955, after five years of college and a couple of years of the army, Rip journeyed up from Texas to live in New York City. He married his first wife, Ann Wedgeworth. "She was pregnant, and sick every 15 minutes," he says. "The minute we were married we knew that it was ridiculous." Out of that marriage came their child, Danae.

It didn't take long for Rip to establish himself; he was

Photo by Sandra Levinson

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

immediately discovered, ironically enough, by Elia Kazan, and given a job as an understudy in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. "Coming up from Texas, I didn't know what Kazan had done," said Rip later. "You have to remember, he was the greatest director and the most talented moviemaker on the scene then. I was really influenced by *Gentlemen's Agreement* and *Zapata*." Rip joined the Actors' Studio Workshop and began delving deeper into "the Method." Kazan put him under personal contract and told him, "I'm gonna make you another James Dean, another Marlon Brando. . . ." Rip described it: "I felt like a little balloon floating off into Never-Never Land." (He traces the trajectory with his finger.) But Kazan was later to say, "That boy's too cocky."

Rip began to rebound from job to job, first getting fired from the Actors' Studio Theatre for "demoralizing the company." Lee Strasberg admits that Rip was the best organizer in the ensemble. Strasberg told me. "Rip was very valuable as a member and as an organizer. Had the Theatre continued he would have played a more important role. In that area he was very disciplined, very impersonal."

Rip is meticulous, a perfectionist. He enters his work at all levels: writing, directing, acting, technical; no matter what his relationship is to a particular work, he exerts influence at every level, every part. Only his relationship to acting is very subjective, and he realizes this. Sometimes I think he almost prefers to organize or direct or advise or construct. In *The Beard,* for instance, Rip won an Obie for himself as director and for Billie Dixon as leading lady. "He followed the text exactly," says Michael McClure. "He's ideal for an author. He's really something to watch; it's as though he builds a protective bubble around actors."

The last time I saw Rip he had just been fired from Bruce Jay Friedman's new play, *Steambath,* by Tony Perkins, the director. Rip was the second of three leading men who were fired from the production. Rip has a theory that whenever a play is in trouble, they always fire somebody. "It serves as a sort of psychic bloodletting," he says. "And when you get somebody with my reputation, you can dump him with no questions asked."

"The problem," says Dustin Hoffman, who's an old friend of Rip, "is that Rip has never worked with a director who has his talent. He has a thing about working with people who he feels are technically his inferiors." Interestingly enough, Hoffman used to have a reputation like Rip's as an *enfant terrible,* only now he is getting a million dollars a picture while Rip—when he works—gets a few thousand. "We were going to appear together in *Journey of the Fifth Horse,*" continues Dustin while being made up between the scenes of a new picture he's shooting. "We had the two leads, only Rip was the more known. Then the director, Larry Arrick, wanted to fire me. But Rip smoothed it over, told Arrick, 'He'll be fine.' Rip then began to help me with my part. After eight years in New York, it started my career off. I got an Obie.

"One day we came in for rehearsal and discovered that Rip had been fired. The whole cast met and was considering a strike in protest. Personally, I don't understand it. Rip was sweet as a pea through the whole rehearsal. *I* was the one fighting with the director, and *Rip* was the one who'd step in and cool me down.

"It's timing," says Hoffman, leaning forward (much to the dismay of his make-up man, who was trying to adhere a mustache to the boyish face). "Timing! If he was 29 today! Rip came around when the old Hollywood was still in bloom, ten years ahead of his time." Dustin put his hand to his heart; the make-up man grimaced. When he spoke, there was a slight vibrato in his voice. "I get an anxiety pain whenever I talk about Rip Torn."

[III]

MUCH OF RIP'S CHANCE to work after the casual blacklist has been supplied by Norman Mailer through his company, Supreme Mix. Their association began in Mailer's *Deer Park,* for which Rip won an Obie as Marion Faye, a character described by Mailer as:

> A pimp. (24) Medium in height or under, very special, slim, tight-knit, beautiful, as angelic in appearance as a choirboy, but moves like a quick animal and is possessed of a fine voice, which is by turns rough-edged, musical, incisive, or sadistic as a whip. His presence is intense. He has an arrogance which is made up of staring at you, measuring your value, and deciding you are not there.

Rip couldn't believe it when he was called to do *Deer Park*. His immediate response was, "No. Mailer and I don't get along so well." According to Rip, Mailer didn't like him because he thought he was a bad actor. "Of course, he had never seen me in anything. . . ." But Mailer had heard about Rip's reputation. Mailer told him later (in his brogue thrice-removed), "When your name would be mentioned I would spit. I literally spit on your name."

The key to Rip's personal relations is found in his upbringing as a Texan and his professional training as a "Method" actor. "The Method," an offshoot of *gestalt,* teaches you not to deny your emotions; to be constantly in touch with yourself; not to lie. Rip believes (and here he breaks with his former teacher, Lee Strasberg) that "acting is reality." Producer Joseph Strick describes Rip's approach as "going beyond the Method." Stanislavsky maintained that an actor can emote from a certain capability, and it is the experience of the actor in real life that draws these emotional margins on the stage.

Rip's position is beautifully articulated in Mailer's new film, *Maidstone,* in which Rip assassinates Mailer (whose presidential pretentions lend themselves wonderfully to assassination). According to Pennebaker, who was doing the filming, "Rip made *Maidstone;* he did the playwright's work. I was standing around; the film had ended. Then I saw Rip coming toward a crowd of people. I turned on the camera—it was a chance in a million, but you never know what to expect with Rip Torn. What you see in the end of the film is this guy who streaks into the middle of all this bullshit and rings a bell." Rip ponged Mailer over the head with a hammer, pulling the punch but hitting hard enough to pop him and draw a little blood. Mailer was furious. A fight ensued—a real fight—Rip strangling Mailer, Mailer turning purple, Mailer biting Rip's ear. "I was sick for two weeks afterward," Pennebaker continued. "I suddenly realized that all those things people were saying about Rip were true. I just got on a boat and floated out into the Sound; it wasn't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

until I came back that it occurred to me that I had just seen the best piece of acting in my entire life."

Another and even larger disagreement between Rip and Strasberg is how an actor acts off the stage—it is here that an actor must not lose himself either. "What happens," I asked Strasberg, who strikes an Einstein-like pose when he first meets the eye—the glasses, the white mustache, the white hair combed back—"when you go into the offices of Hollywood producers, and are subjected to the worst sort of acting, banality and power. How then does an actor *act?*" Strasberg shrugged and spread his hands, palms up. "One must make a distinction between his business and his art," he said seriously. "Rip never learned that business is business and art is art."

I related this conversation to Rip, and he laughed bitterly. "Yeah," he said. "Like about a month after we returned from Mexico I got called into Hal Wallis's office at Universal for a job, and he's sitting there like a toad—you know, with a tongue that could snap a fly right out of the air. And I'm not saying *any*thing. Then after about 20 minutes he says, 'I just wanted to see what you looked like after all these years. You can go now.' Nobody believes these numbers happen, but they're happening all the time."

[IV]

TELEVISION STANDS OUT as a perfect testimonial to consensus politics. It is self-regulating, more than any other entertainment industry, churning out a homogeneity of programs about cops, detectives, undercover agents, FBI men, and an occasional doctor or lawyer. Every program has the same plot, and every plot has the same violent denouement. Rip hasn't worked in TV for six years. The rumor is that television is afraid to work with Rip because they think *Rip* is violent!

But during the days of live television, Rip had a different reputation. He began doing TV in 1956, landing one lead role after another with good scripts by Paddy Chayefsky and pre–Twilight Zone Serling. Then live TV drama was closed out, apparently because it was killing Hollywood, where the banks had large investments. "In 1958 television began the 'series,' " explained Rip, "grinding out the celluloid sausage. They wanted actors to move out to the West Coast. It was a geo-political move. They wanted you to show your fealty." Also, there was the question of censorship. On live TV, as Rip says, "Some cat might just jump up one day and say, 'Fuck you all.' "

When the series came in, actors who wouldn't be bound to contract had to content themselves with "guest star" appearances in character roles, usually as heavies. Rip began to move away from the sympathetic leading roles and get parts his piercing eyes equipped him for—murderers, psychotics, bank robbers "and all kinds of weirdos." Rip maintains it was then that he began to build up a large following among the people in the street, the oppressed. "They would stop me," he says, "and they'd say, 'Now, that's my man. He speaks for me.' I would take stock villains and invest them with humanity. I would have to love the character first, or else I wouldn't agree to play him." It was at approximately the same time that the police began to follow Rip, who has been arrested more than 35 times, though usually let go. Many of the arrests were simply "mistaken identity."

"If you've got the face to play characters, it proliferates," Rip explains. "If the cops see you only robbing banks, killing people and carrying on in a very violent way on TV, when they see you on the street—maybe you look a little different to them, but something pops in their head. They sit and look at cards that have people's faces on them; and since they are manhunters, they have all these memorized—like kids used to look at planes, or cars, or baseball players: when you cross their personal radar, POP! they see you and they grab you. Because they've got you in their mind as something dangerous. This fate is not uncommon among certain actors. There was an actor in Chicago beaten to *death* by the heat. They thought he was a bad cat, and he gave them some shit and was drunk. They beat him to the *ground!* They killed him."

As far as success is measured by the star syndrome, 1964–65 was one of the high points of Rip's career; he had just made *The Cincinnati Kid, You're a Big Boy Now* and *Beach Red,* and he was constantly in demand on TV. By the end of 1965, job offers suddenly stopped. Even his analyst caustically turned on him, saying, "I thought you were going to be so successful?!"

About the same time the job offers began to dry up, Rip recounts another one of those strange, anonymous "freak shots" that interpolate the pages of his life. This one was in LA. "I was with some people I thought were dope dealers. We were sitting around in this dingy little room, and one of these cats seemed to have a dossier on me. He began to talk about me in the third person, you know. Suddenly he says, 'You live with that Red bitch' . . . . Now, I don't know what made him think *that* about Gerry."

[V]

WEST 22ND STREET IN MANHATTAN is a very unpretentious neighborhood, racially catholic: a lot of Puerto Ricans and blacks, and a few actors. At the corner of Ninth Avenue and 22nd Street, an old Korean deals smack every morning. Further down the street, on the mailbox of a very unoutstanding townhouse, is the inscription, "Torn Page." The Torn Page residence is on the upper floors; the bottom floors are rented out.

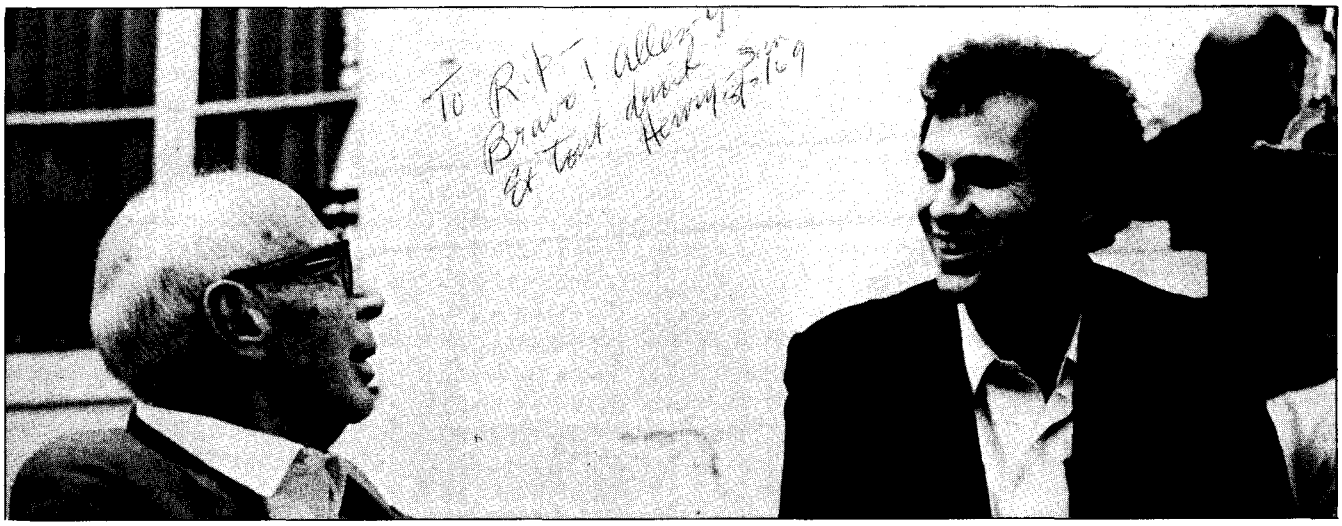
The walls on the upper floors are continually enlarging murals of childlike graffiti done by their three kids, Angelica (Gaga), who is seven, and the twins, Tony and John, who are five. (Danae, now 14, lives with her mother.) The children are trained not to repress their ideas. Wherever there was a creative outburst it was drawn or slung against the walls; in every room their imaginations have projected them into hundreds of plays and improvisations.

Neither Rip nor Geraldine remembers when they were married. "It was before Angelica was born," ventured Geraldine in her tiny voice. "We've been together 11–12 years; I can't remember when we got married—seven years ago?"

"It must have beeen 11 or 12 years ago," said Rip. "I can't remember."

According to Geraldine they met while doing *Sweet Bird of Youth.* According to Rip, they met in a candy store.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"We met in the street," said Rip, "at a candy store, getting an ice cream. I said chocolate, she said vanilla. I said, 'How about a lick?' " The irises of Rip's eyes began to roll toward his nose as his face assumed a cross-eyed, introspective pose. "I betcha Gerry'll tell you something different."

It bothers many people that Rip Torn and Geraldine Page are happily married. The professional gossip-mongers of Hollywood, who more or less serve as the moralizing façade of an amoral industry, have done their best to tear at the dons of conjugality. To them, Rip Torn and Geraldine Page don't *deserve* to be married. One columnist—Leonard Lyons—hinted that their children were adopted (which they aren't). Another—Joyce Haber—in one of her famous exclamation-pointed "blind items," wrote that Rip left Gerry and rode off with Michael McClure (which he didn't). Even the general public intrudes, refusing to allow a no-account troublemaker one of the first ladies of the American stage, Geraldine Page. One woman who met Rip during the one night of shooting Mailer's *Beyond the Law* querulously remarked, "You can't be married to Geraldine Page—why, she's so great, and you, you're so—so—why, she should be married to someone equally great, someone like Norman Mailer!"

Rip, often cruelly submerged beneath the identity of his wife (*not* of Geraldine's doing), has to deal with women's liberation from an ideological point of view as well as from his own particular perspective. On one level, he is the Texan, the great white hunter; on another, he is a radical, sensitive to liberation struggles, believing that women have the right to free themselves from the dependence and hegemony of men. He is personally faced with the struggle, much of it financial, to maintain his freedom in the Torn Page nuclear unit, to maintain his integrity (as opposed to his pride).

Perhaps Rip's politics are best shown in his portrayals of white Southerners, sometimes aristocrats, but more often the poor white. To Rip, they are not just "characters" but real people, the kind he grew up with. They are not brutal fascists, he likes to point out, but, like most "silent Americans," people who exist in a duality of absolute good and absolute evil: they would help you if you were hurt, they are members of charities; but—as if it weren't a contradiction—they're also members of the Ku Klux Klan.

Perhaps the most fateful decision of Rip's non-career was not to appear in *Easy Rider*, but to make *Maidstone* instead. Rip's disagreements with *Easy Rider* were manifold; many of them were centered around the part of George Hansen, Jack Nicholson's Texas lawyer whom Rip originally was to play. Rip was very much involved in the story conferences for the films, as he is for most productions he is in, helping build and develop the characters. He has always wanted to be a writer, as most of his friends are—McClure, Mailer, Don Carpenter, Brautigan, Terry Southern. He disagreed with the portrayal of the South in *Easy Rider*. "Dennis and Peter just don't understand Southerners," he says.

"It's always the people in the North that scorn them as white trash, especially Easterners. Because they look down on the white Southerner as a brutal, pious bastard, prone to the worst acts of violence.What they don't understand is that it's just a *type* of violence—physical violence. Up North, they're into mental violence, anguish. Always bringing numbers down on your head.

"Anyway, you know that part in the coffee shop? In the original script, the lawyer is supposed to walk over to the girls' table and try to make them, but they liked Fonda and Hopper better. So he was supposed to say, 'I rode with the Hell's Angels.' " Rip leaned toward me very intensely. "Now, I couldn't go into the streets of San Francisco again if I said I had ridden with the Hell's Angels. If Hansen lied like that, when he got killed no one would have any sympathy for him; they'd say he deserved to get his head whipped. And in the end? *Easy Rider* passes the violence off too easily on Southern crackers. I mean, anybody from the South knows those bikers had it coming. Flipping them the bird! What did they expect?"

[VI]

"A FEW YEARS AGO, Gerry and I were in this bar," said Rip, "and there we ran into an old classmate of mine from Texas. He and his wife came over to our table, and he began to do a physically lean number, saying, 'Well, boy,' in a very Texas accent, 'I guess we're the two best-in-shape fellows out of our class.' I said, 'Maybe so.' He says, 'Boy, we know your life ain't been easy. We know you've had a hard time up there. But we're gonna make it easy for you . . . you're gonna have a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new car every year [Rip hasn't owned a car in seven years], a new house, a steady income . . . and all you have to do is sell a few cars for me—and if you don't want to do that, you can live out on the lake. Now,' he turns to his wife, 'old Elmore here used a fly rod before anybody even knew about what a fly rod was—now ain't that right, boy?' " For the second offer, Rip only had to sell boats for the "largest boat distributor in the Southwest," presumably another Texan . . . just so he'd stop causing all that darn trouble. "I said," continued Rip, " 'Thank you very much, but I'll just tough it out here. . . .' I gave them some tickets to *The Beard,* didn't hear from them for three days. Thought they'd like that cunnilingus at the end. Then they came back, and at the end of our conversation—I don't see any reason in holding back from those people—I told them, 'I'm a completely Red Chinese Communist agent. I work for Mao, I smoke dope, and fuck-you-and-I-don't-go-to-church anymore.' His wife ended up saying, 'Elmore, it sure is nice to talk to someone from the other side.' And my classmate ended up saying, 'Boy, I'm gonna ask you one last question: Do you have life insurance?' "

There may not be an actual blacklist, a mark paperclipped to someone's file. It doesn't need to work that way anymore. A blacklist could originate from the banks which loan the studios money, or from the talent agencies like CMA or William Morris which might omit someone from their "packages," or from the studios themselves. Many actors don't deny the existence of a blacklist; on the other hand, they won't investigate it, either. What is admirable about Rip is that he won't compromise to prove that there is no blacklist. Other actors who have his "bad" reputation but who are working steadily have indeed made separate peace with the industry and freely admit it. "Sure, I've had to make compromises," said Dustin candidly. "Without compromises, no work. How can you deal with the blacklist? Not many people know about it, and those who know won't talk."

Rip's attitude is not as casual as Dustin's; he feels, in fact, almost castrated by not being able to work as much as he wants to. For an actor needs other actors, money, technology; he can't do his own thing without them. "I don't see much peace between me and Hollywood," says Rip. "I know that I don't give a damn what they say, I don't care WHAT THE FUCK EXCUSES they make—or what group would come forward and say that it was an exaggeration. I know purely and simply my work was taken away by those cocksuckers! And I was only offered little itsy-bitsy kinds of shit-eating roles for no money, to come *prove* that maybe I wasn't fucked up, or maybe I was good enough to play their brand. But you know, they're all full of shit.

"You see," continued Rip, "the particular book of this country says that everybody is supposed to be as good as everyone else. . . . But you don't see that. You see the same old class bullshit going down. Aristocrats springing up full-blown. They're no longer the people, *of* the people, *for* the people, *by* the people. . . . Instead you've got these asshole ACTORS, who put on their shiny beads and their garb and get their *gelt* together to do this aristocratic number."

Although Rip hasn't worked in Hollywood, he has been doing work. Instead of making a picture with Flipper, he wanted to continue the part of Lyle Britten in *Blues for Mister Charlie,* turning down $35,000, only to get fired over a dispute in blocking. And instead of doing *End of the Road,* he did Gelber's play, *The Cuban Thing.* "He was not the immediate, conventional Roberto of *The Cuban Thing,*" Gelber wrote me, "but my God, he grew into the role and made it a joy to watch." He sometimes gets very far out, like when he refused to pick up his Obie for *The Beard,* thinking the CIA was going to "do a number" on him. But everyone connected with Gelber's play agrees the CIA did them in, i.e., their *gusano* protegés. Gelber says simply, "It was sabotage." The audience was too intimidated to show up, because the *gusanos* would come night after night, heaving gas bombs and grenades onto the stage (even Abbie Hoffman told me that when he went to see it he took his gas mask). "I was playing the part," said Rip, "and all of a sudden POP! there's all this fog, and tears, and coughing. I thought they had pistols, so I started freaking, pointing them out, jumping up and down. The audience applauded it as part of the action—*until the gas reached them.*"

Just recently Rip completed Milton Moses Ginsberg's *Coming Apart* and Joseph Strick's *Tropic of Cancer.* Strick as a rule tries to use blacklisted actors in his films. "There are 50 actors I want to work with in this world," says Strick, "and Rip's one of them. I didn't lose even one hour's shooting time in making *Tropic.* Other directors might have trouble with Rip, especially on TV. That's because Rip can't work under a director he feels is inferior to him in ability. And they *are.* Rip is a first-class director. He's like Orson Welles. I think Rip Torn is on the verge of the major breakthrough everyone has forecast for him, and which has been denied him so long."

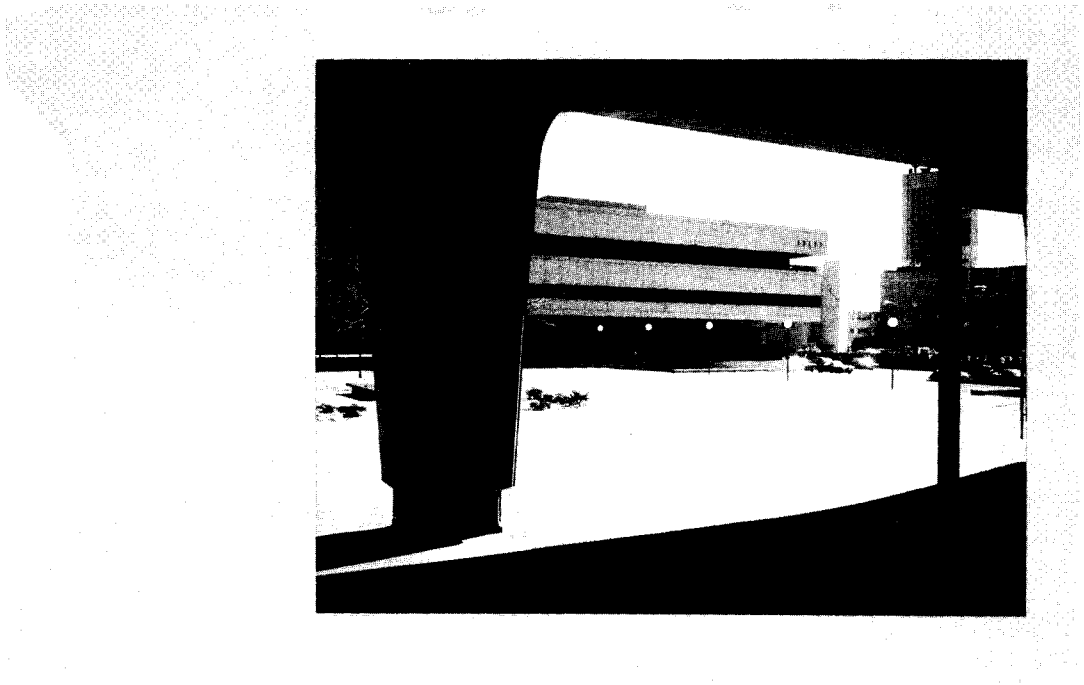
AS FAR AS HIS FUTURE plans are concerned, Rip is trying to put together a Nixonesque interpretation of *Richard the Third*—not rewriting it, as Barbara Garson did with *Macbeth,* but keeping the original. The Jefferson Airplane will be doing the music, and Rip will direct it and also play Richard. Then there are some plays he has been wanting to do—Genet's *The Screens* and Hauptmann's *The Weavers;* he's been thinking about applying for permission to do them in Cuba. And then he wants to do more plays with Geraldine. (They opened in New York last November in *Macbeth.* Since then, Rip has been fired from the production for "militancy" for participating vigorously in the off-Broadway actors' strike, and is being sued by the producers for $100,000.) He's thinking of organizing a theater ensemble on the West Coast. But first he's going to do some trout fishing with Richard Brautigan.

The major question now in the life of Rip Torn is whether he's going to make the breakthrough that his genius deserves, or whether he's going to go down struggling. Pennebaker says, "I hope we don't have another foul memorial for Rip Torn like we had for James Agee. I hope the industry doesn't wait till he's dead, when he's no longer a threat, before they praise him . . . *those chickenshit bastards.*"

. . . In November, a sniper's bullet was fired into Rip's dining room just as the family sat down to breakfast.

Craig Pyes is a free-lance writer and Berkeley activist presently working on the War Crimes Tribunal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Polaroid Apartheid: Pull Tab, Wait 60 Seconds

FOR MOST PEOPLE, the first indication that there was anything unusual going on at Polaroid was a full-page advertisement the company ran in the Boston area newspapers, including the black community paper, under the headline, "WHAT'S POLAROID DOING IN SOUTH AFRICA?" The ad said:

"Recently a group who call themselves revolutionaries have demanded that we stop doing business with our customers in South Africa. There are several hundred American firms who have their own companies or factories in South Africa and many more who sell products there as we do. It is claimed that American business, by its presence, is supporting the government and its policies of racial separation and subjugation of blacks.

"Why was Polaroid chosen to be the first company to face pressure (handbills, pickets, a boycott) about business in South Africa? Perhaps because the revolutionaries thought we would take the subject seriously.

"They were right. We do."

A small block of type, set in the center of an otherwise all-white page for maximum effect, this was a clever attempt to convert a challenge and what might have meant bad publicity into an indication that Polaroid was sensitive to problems, both human and political. It was a good example of advertising art also in that it never really explained what was going on.

Those people referred to as "revolutionaries" were depicted by Polaroid as free-lance agitators who picked on their company arbitrarily. The ad failed to mention that those who have picked out the Cambridge-based corporation as a target for action are actually employees of the company. And the reason they have done so is because Polaroid is squarely involved in the economy of South Africa and frankly complicit with its racist policies.

[I]

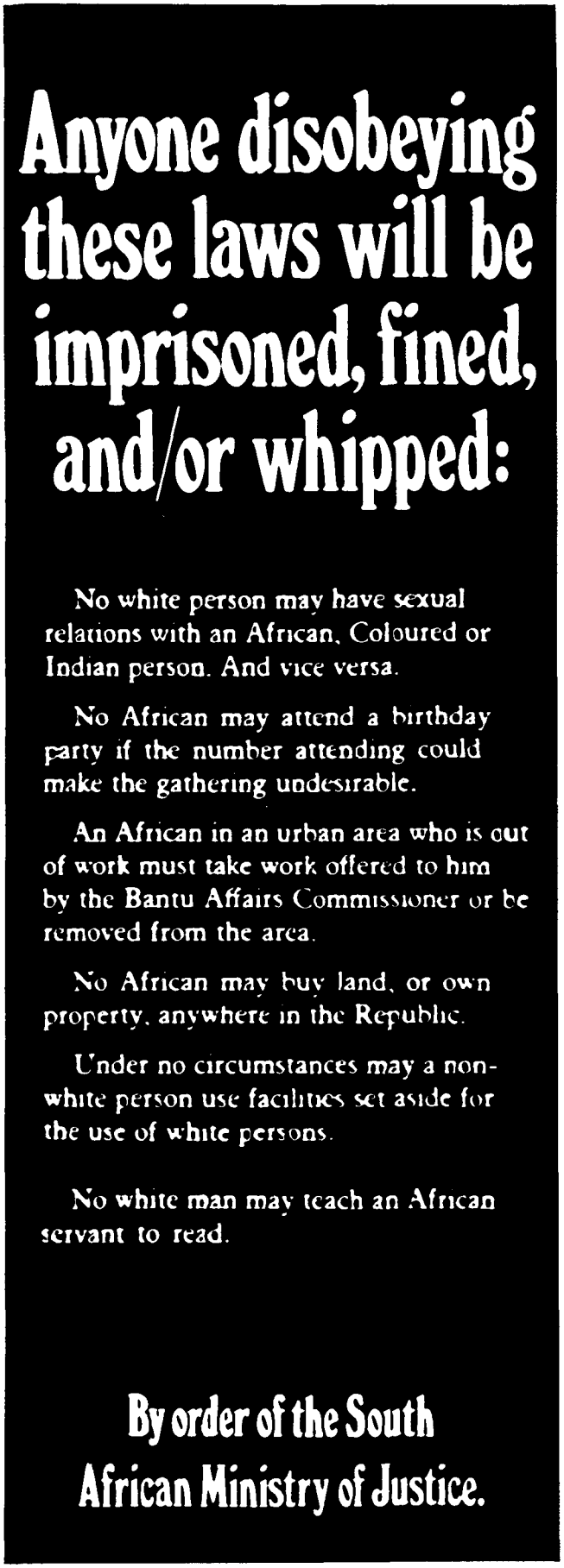
IT ALL STARTED INNOCENTLY enough, with a question two years ago. Ken Williams, a black photographer for Polaroid, was asked one day to take photos of the firm's international sales department. After seeing the congregation of white faces, he happened to ask why there weren't any blacks employed in this department. The reply was cool and candid: "We couldn't send them as representatives to South Africa." Williams wasn't satisfied by the response and tried to raise the issue again. Nothing happened. A small committee of black employees also found a stone wall.

For the time being, the matter was dropped. Then, in late September 1970, Williams and some other workers were checking out Polaroid's annual report. After proudly alluding to its leading role in combatting racism as an "equal opportunity employer," the company mentioned that sales in South Africa were booming. The incongruity of these

by Daniel Schechter

Photographs by Ken Williams

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Anyone disobeying these laws will be imprisoned, fined, and/or whipped:
No white person may have sexual relations with an African, Coloured or Indian person. And vice versa.
No African may attend a birthday party if the number attending could make the gathering undesirable.
An African in an urban area who is out of work must take work offered to him by the Bantu Affairs Commissioner or be removed from the area.
No African may buy land, or own property, anywhere in the Republic.
Under no circumstances may a non-white person use facilities set aside for the use of white persons.
No white man may teach an African servant to read.
By order of the South African Ministry of Justice.

two claims led Williams and the others to do research on Polaroid's business in South Africa. What they found was shocking: Polaroid began doing business there in 1938, one year after incorporating in the U.S.; its primary enterprise now is selling a photo-identification unit that is of crucial importance in maintaining South Africa's racial apartheid system. After this discovery, a leaflet appeared throughout the Polaroid plants, from the production lines to the Executive Men's Room, reading, "POLAROID IMPRISONS BLACK PEOPLE—IN JUST 60 SECONDS."

One of the white South African regime's more odious laws, designed for total control of all movement of the African people, is the "pass law." Every African must carry a passport-sized "passbook" bearing a photograph and the details of his life. This book is used to help regulate the millions of black workers moving in and out of South African cities. The book validates an African's legal existence. If caught without one, he faces a jail sentence; and hundreds of thousands of Africans are arrested each year on pass offenses.

Polaroid's photo-identification system, the type employed by many charge-plate companies, motor vehicle bureaus and university administrations, is a cornerstone in the passbook system South Africa uses to ensure that its natives won't get too restless. The ID system is more than a camera. It is a piece of equipment which instantly takes several photographs and records information, and then registers it all as a document. It was introduced before an international police convention in Germany in 1966 and the units now sell for $3600 in the U.S. Since its introduction, Polaroid has sold 65 of the systems—at $7200 each—in South Africa through Frank and Hirsch, its distributors there. At first the company denied that their machine helped maintain apartheid; but they were finally forced to admit that it did, and that they had also sold systems to the South African Army and Air Force.

[II]

THE POLAROID REVOLUTIONARY Workers' Movement surfaced early in October 1970 with a rally outside the corporation's futuristic headquarters in Cambridge's Technology Square. The Square, a complex of office buildings built over the remains of a poor neighborhood which had been bulldozed into oblivion, is the base of the corporation's world-wide activities. The rally was followed by leafletting supported by radical and community groups and finally by the launching of a national boycott of Polaroid products after the company refused to meet workers' demands, which minced few words:

"(1) That Polaroid completely disengage from South Africa since all U.S. companies doing business there reinforce the racist system in that country.

"(2) That Polaroid announce its position on apartheid publicly and simultaneously in the U.S. and South Africa.

"(3) That Polaroid contribute the profits earned in South Africa to the recognized African liberation movements fighting for their freedom."

"We don't deal with demands from the street," snorted Polaroid Vice-President Arthur Barnes. Dr. Edwin Land, the company president, was also clear on the dangers of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's like opening a present.

Boycott

Support the black revolutionary workers at Polaroid.

Polaroid

Until all sales to South Africa are discontinued.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dealing with the Workers' Movement on anything but company terms. "I know one thing," he told an Ad Hoc Committee he set up to study the issue; "if we at this moment cut off all our business in South Africa, then the newspapers will be full of a vast Polaroid revolutionary movement—a movement with its two or three people. We would soon have a series of new demands. . . . I've never been pushed around in my life because I have ideals I live and die for."

Polaroid's reaction to revelations of its activities in South Africa has so far involved executives at every level of the corporation and the expenditure of thousands of dollars and man-hours. In addition to the advertisements and press statements pumped out by Polaroid's public relations apparatus, business reporters have said that a great deal of time has been spent in meetings to figure out a response to the demands. After meeting to "study the problem," an Ad Hoc Committee decided to send a four-man team (two of whom were black) to South Africa to study the problem further. The company was hoping to avoid the embarrassment that had accompanied its first attempts to deal with the problem when the corporation piously insisted that its distributor in South Africa did not practice discrimination—while the distributor himself hotly denied any such heresy in his hometown press. The company has also tried to involve as many blacks as possible in the process of discovering the "complexities of the situation."

[III]

POLAROID'S FIRST REACTION WAS to say it ordered sales of its ID-2 system discontinued—although company spokesmen say that they know of no effective way to cut off sales of film or replacement parts to the existing machines. Then it moved to deal with the Polaroid Revolutionary Workers' Movement, forcing the resignation of Ken Williams, firing two other Movement activists, and bombarding still another leader, chemist Caroline Hunter, with intimidating letters. In all, Polaroid has put more energy into getting rid of the Revolutionary Workers' Movement than in easing out of all its business dealings in South Africa.

Polaroid's South African market is lucrative, although it could afford to cut off business there altogether. Moreover, the company has to consider its fellow American corporations. "If such anti-apartheid protests spread," fears Business Week, "there could be repercussions for the 300 other U.S. companies that do business in South Africa." Polaroid Board Chairman James Killian is also a director of General Motors, which is itself heavily involved in South Africa.

Polaroid was scheduled to make a policy statement on South Africa some time at the beginning of the new year. The company may decide to save itself further protests by pulling out of South Africa. If so, the anti-apartheid movement will have another victory. But it is more likely that the company will refuse to meet the workers' demands. Then the drama of still another American corporation trapped between its liberal image and its profit-orientation will move on to the next act.

Whatever the company decides, however, the Polaroid Movement is committed to its position. Its boycott has not had the national exposure accorded such campaigns as the farm workers' lettuce boycott. Ethel Kennedy hasn't flown up to Technology Square in Cambridge to picket the sleek Polaroid headquarters, and no nationally recognized leader like César Chávez has gone to jail to publicize it. But word of the boycott has been spreading.

Caroline Hunter

The most encouraging sign of the support for this movement came from a recent meeting in Roxbury, Boston's black community. Just as the Polaroid Movement was beginning to expose the complicity with racism in South Africa, Polaroid gave $20,000 to Roxbury's broad-based Black United Front. But at this meeting, the gift was denounced as an attempt to buy off community support for the Revolutionary Workers' Movement. In an unusual move for a community that is financially hard-pressed, the people voted to give half the money to African liberation movements engaged in armed struggle against the South African regime. The other half will go to assist the Black United Front of Cairo, Illinois, which is currently under siege from domestic white power.

The Roxbury meeting was an up for the workers at Polaroid. "The people," said Ken Williams, "were beautiful. They cut through all those fancy words and understood that we are going to need solidarity and sacrifice if we are going to beat the racist system on a world-wide scale."

Daniel Schechter is a member of the Africa Research Group in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Greening of America: Beyond the Valley of the Heads

STUDENTS WHO WOULD MAKE a revolution are condemned to be judged by their teachers: judged and described, analyzed, categorized. Workers who revolt are merely fired by their bosses; revolutionary peasants are simply driven off the land by their masters. But the intellectual tortures that professors use on their riotous pupils are as maddening as any water-drop or iron maiden. If their words could kill, we'd all be dead by now; as it is we're merely deadened.

The rush of professional explanations of the "new American revolution" proceeded rapidly through last summer and fall, so that upper-middle-class white kids could give their parents for Christmas a wide choice of scholarly expositions of youth culture and freak consciousness. There were new works by John Hersey and Robert Dahl, and the older standards by Theodore Roszak and Kenneth Keniston. There were anthologies, collections, assemblages, collages and pamphlets. But Santa's heaviest load was surely made up of copies of Charles A. Reich's rambling thesis of American consciousness, *The Greening of America.*

Since *Greening* was published in excerpted form last September in the New Yorker, "consciousness" has become the fashionable topic of the year, sweeping "biodegradable" and "population bomb" into the dreariest niches of suburban chatter. Reich himself, a 42-year-old professor of law at Yale, is already a modest pop cult star; his trip through prep school, the Ivy League, Arnold, Fortas & Porter and the faculty of Yale Law School, into bell-bottoms, beads and grass is considered a model *par excellence* for the middle-class convert to the new consciousness.

Reading *Greening* is like swilling consciousness soup: there are bits of false consciousness, true consciousness, new consciousness, old consciousness. Consciousness I, Consciousness II and Consciousness III. It might be helpful, then, to present a condensed version of the Reich thesis:

From the invasion of the Pilgrims until the New Deal, more or less, Americans partook of a particular world-view which grew in response to work and living arrangements of pre-industrial and industrial society. Reich calls this complex of values "Consciousness I," and identifies it, roughly, as a kind of rugged individualism that could encompass frontiersmen and robber-barons, Walt Whitman and Calvin Coolidge. Its positive aspects, however, have disappeared as the society has shifted its political and economic ground; Consciousness I still hangs around, though, in small-town America and in the mind of Spiro Agnew.

As America was transformed into a post-industrial Corporate State, Reich continues, Consciousness I could no longer provide adequate ideologies or successful strategies for reconciling interests, managing conflicts, or even getting ahead. Horatio Alger became General Motors, the lone cowboy became Armour & Co., the village Christmas charity became the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The new set of responses to super-America—Consciousness II—produced the institutions and executives of managerial liberalism. Consciousness II thinks it is reforming, good-doing and enlightening; but really it is elitist, conformist, bureaucratic, authoritarian, death-dealing. Consciousness II, Reich argues, was never very positive; but from somewhat well-intentioned beginnings it is now responsible for the super-bummers of super-America. Reich never names the Kennedy names, but it is clear that the worst example of Consciousness II, seated in power, was the 1961–1963 national administration.

So far, so good—or bad. There's not much in Reich's sketchy analysis of the Corporate State that isn't found in Marcuse, Galbraith, Roszak—or much of the radical intellectual literature of the past six or seven years. Nor is there very much original in his notion that out of the stone-cold suburbs of liberal bureaucracies will spring the psychedelic flowers of Consciousness III, with two fingers raised in a V-sign. Consciousness III is Freak Nation, but Reich insists it could also encompass businessmen who wear bell jeans, Peace Corps volunteers who aren't on ego trips, and

by Andrew Kopkind

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

office workers who don't give in to the bureaucratic machine. The new consciousness, Reich says, will remake American society from toe to top by "converting" millions of young people (and then old people) to its love/groove ethic; and the problems of racism, sexism, poverty, war and waste will then melt away like a March snow.

IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY kids are laying *Greening* and similar apologies on their parents: Reich can explain, as they never could, that dope, sex and goofing off are attributes of a revolutionary culture that is beautiful, valuable and inevitable—and does not entail any messy business about Angela Davis, the Vietnamese, the Hell's Angels or Fidel Castro.

Reich lets both the kids and their parents off the hook by eliminating the issue of power and avoiding the possibility of struggle, violent or otherwise. It is useless, he says, to fiddle with political structures (or other institutional relationships) because liberation can come only from the inside out—that is, from head vibrations into the world at large. Culture (whatever that is) is being revolutionized automatically by the decay of Consciousness II and its institutionalized forms; the new institutions will grow according to the new consciousness after everybody wears comfortable clothes, makes love not war, and takes dope instead of booze. Radical politics and liberal politics are equally nonsensical; Panthers and McCarthy campaigners make the same mistake: primacy of institutions over heads.

Reich's ideas and similar ones have been picked up by a certain sector (as they say) of the ruling class—that is, the most flexible elites of Consciousness II. A lead editorial in the November Fortune magazine pronounced Reich's "description of the 'new-consciousness' . . . both eloquent and essentially valid . . . Business leadership has a special need to recognize and understand 'the new consciousness.' " Nor is the new consciousnesss cult limited to the U.S.: the French literary event of the season is a book called "Ni Marx, Ni Jésus," by Jean-François Revel; he claims that "the new world revolution has begun in the United States" in accordance with distinctly American cultural forms (Playboy magazine, among others).

Simply to say that Reich is a cult hero and that consciousness is the buzz word of mod swingers is not to invalidate the thinker or his thoughts. But the whole impressionistic edifice of non-revolutionary revolution that Reich has built is so unreal that it's hard to believe that even he takes it seriously as more than a (mildly) stoned fantasy. One passage should serve to demonstrate the quality of his strategic thinking: political repression is no problem for Consciousness III adherents because the repressors are being rapidly converted themselves: "Already bell bottoms and beads are being hired by the Post Office, perhaps because no other workers can be found; how long will it be before hippies man the FBI?"

The consciousness theorists have found out a lot about what it is that's happening to America, but they are no more able than anyone else to talk coherently about the future. Their non-strategy is really one particular strategy: a program for accepting the inevitable; politics without tears. Reich says, for instance, that Consciousness III is irreversible; that once a kid gets the good vibes, he can never again have a passion for war, or personal power, or any of the other aspects of the old consciousnesses that trouble the world. Life then becomes as beautiful as a Sierra Club poster or a love-rock lyric.

TO DESCRIBE THE GROWTH of white middle-class freakiness from the oppression of Corporate America has been relatively easy, but to build a future in it is a lot more sticky. Hippie takeovers of even the most unimportant institutions of the old culture have not been terribly promising. In Washington many of the lawyers, middle bureaucrats and congressional aides under 30 do dope, listen to rock music and frequent the local head shops and boutiques, but there is no noticeable change in the real plays of power in the government. Almost all of the younger reporters and writers for the bigger newspapers and news magazines in New York, Washington and San Francisco have internalized the important aspects of Consciousness III that Reich catalogues, but their papers are just as piggish as always, if somewhat more hip in tone. At the same time, the "authentic" voices of the new consciousness—the once-underground papers such as Rolling Stone and the Los Angeles Free Press—have developed a social function more like Time magazine than the revolutionary papers they are set up to be. It takes more than stories about the Panthers or reviews of nude movies to be revolutionary, even in the "cultural" sense. There is still a ruling class, in beads or in Brooks Brothers, and it still has the power to fragment our lives, kill our brothers and sisters, and do an inordinate amount of damage all over creation.

Reich and the others in the new-consciousness hype are most convincing and compelling when they describe the transcendental freak-outs of a relatively small margin of American society: white, middle-class, young and "liberal." The authors are, of course, closest to that social fraction, and they have exceptional powers of self-analysis. Reich knows about bright, successful lawyers who do a little dope and think twice about their careers, because that is where his head is. But it's real *chutzpah* to extrapolate one's own freakiness to America as a whole.

In that *chutzpah,* Reich is not alone. The "political" left—the radical Movement of the '60s—developed a kind of Ptolemaic theory of the political universe: everything is in orbit around *my* movement, around *my* politics, around *my* collective. In time, of course, the movements, the politics and the collectives became utterly isolated and detached from the real, live bodies orbiting in thousands of other paths. What was once good propaganda became bad rhetoric; the words hardly changed, but their connections did. That is the point at which the Movement began visibly to disintegrate, and that is the point at which the "new-consciousness" trip, too, loses its way.

I'll bet Reich is already having a hundred second thoughts about *Greening,* just as the Weathermen are having second thoughts about armed struggle, and just as the Woodstock Nation patriots are in their post-Altamont blues. For it's clear to all that revolution is a longer and harder road than any of us wanted to think, and that hippies aren't going to man the FBI. There's no logical leap between alienation and a new society, between rage and revolution; and what is just possible is not always inevitable.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editors:

EDITORS: I bought a copy of RAMPARTS the other day after a negligence of two years. I'm glad I did. You still write articles that I should read, and in a manner that makes me want to read and enjoy and understand. . . . I did notice you had no letters or comments to the editor. In such a magazine as yours, it would seem to be necessary, if not interesting. . . .

CHRISTINA JENSEN
Monterey, California

Many members of the RAMPARTS *family of readers have requested a regular Letters column. (In the past, letters have appeared only every three or four issues due to space limitations.) Beginning with this issue, Letters to the Editors will appear in each issue. Power to the Imagination!*—THE EDITORS

[ANGELA DAVIS]

EDITORS: Re my interview with Angela Davis in the February 1970 issue, I would like to make a correction. Readers should know that the interview and accompanying article were done in a rush to make that issue. Consequently, editorial rewriting was conducted and approved by me via cross-country telephone calls. Through my own carelessness, and I take the responsibility for this, I approved of a section rewritten by the editors, which includes the description of Angela as "a complex combination of alienated intellectual and oppressed black." It is a description with which I fundamentally disagree. If there is one thing which Angela's history testifies to it is that here is one intellectual who is *not* alienated. Her last five years especially, in which she grew as a revolutionary, show her to have a very deep personal and political identification with her people, and with oppressed people everywhere. The printed interview demonstrates her view of herself as part of a greater whole. Her intellectual pursuits cannot be separated from any other element of her life; all are dedicated to the liberation of workers from exploitation and of all oppressed peoples, Black Americans in the first place.

MICHAEL MYERSON
New York, New York

[ISAAC DEUTSCHER MEMORIAL PRIZE]

EDITORS: The undersigned members of the Jury of the Isaac Deutscher Memorial Prize wish to announce that the Prize for 1970 to the value of £100.- has been awarded to Istvan Mészáros for his book *Marx's Theory of Alienation* (Merlin Press, 1970).

Istvan Mészáros was born in Hungary and studied in Budapest and Jena. In November 1956 he took up a teaching post at Turin. While in Italy he wrote, among other works, *La Rivolta degli Intellettuali in Ungheria.* Since 1966 he has been teaching at the University of Sussex. He is also working on a major biographical study of Georg Lukács.

The next Isaac Deutscher Memorial Prize will be awarded in the autumn of 1971 and a jury drawn from among the sponsors will be glad to consider works published or in typescript submitted by 1 May 1971 to The Isaac Deutscher Memorial Prize, c/o Lloyd's Bank, 68 Warwick Square, London SW 1, England.

PERRY ANDERSON
E. H. CARR
TAMARA DEUTSCHER
ERIC HOBSBAWM
MONTY JOHNSTONE
RALPH MILIBAND
London, England

[YOUR LOCAL FRIENDLY BANK]

EDITORS: Your article in the November 1970 issue about the Bank of America has an error. On page 43, the first sentence in the second column states, "U.S. corporations put in $3.8 million in investments from 1950 to 1965, but they took out $11.3 million in profits." This should read $3.8 *billion* and $11.3 *billion.*

It is very important to have profits from foreign investments correct because this money is used as a prop for the capitalistic system. By orienting

Wall Street and Madison Avenue damn
The Supermarket Trap, but people swear by it!

the supermarket trap

The Consumer
and the Food Industry
by Jennifer Cross

Fourth Printing

"It is precisely this kind of fair, clear-headed and well-documented report that gives consumers the ammunition they need to win battles, if not wars."—**The Nation**

"For all housewives and other consumers who do not wish to be defrauded, duped or harmed by the plethora of deception, contrived fraud, and harmful chemicals masquerading as food."—Ralph Nader

"A pleasantly-written, clear-eyed appraisal."—Peg Bracken, **Book World**

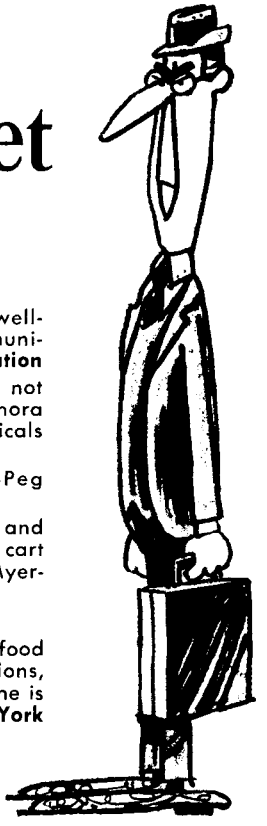
"I have read the book with mounting fascination and the sincere hope that anyone who will ever push a cart through a supermarket will have read it."—Bess Myerson Grant

"Read it and rage."—**Atlantic Monthly**

"Helps the housewife understand and defeat the food industry's efforts to manipulate her buying decisions, and makes it clear that she is far from helpless if she is willing to work for it."—Stanley E. Cohen, **New York Times Book Review**

From your bookseller

Indiana University Press
Bloomington, Indiana 47401



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

labor to the U.S. market, the capitalists put off internal economic failure. . . .

VIRGIL METERNOWSKI
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Sometimes even that *doesn't work!*
—THE EDITORS

EDITORS: Until I read Michael Sweeney's article on the Bank of America in your November 1970 issue, I had no idea of the extent of the B of A's exploitation of people, be they Bankamericard holders or Vietnamese.

I agree with the article that burning one branch doesn't destroy an institution. Short of revolution it is hard to even *begin* to have an effect on such a mammoth institution. We can, however, make sure that we as individuals have nothing to do with the bank and we can urge our friends and employers to avoid it also. If we do this institution by institution, perhaps we will raise enough consciousness among Americans to curb some of this country's more glaring abuses, and eventually build the groundwork for the total transformation of this society.

It is to RAMPARTS' credit that it continues to publish articles such as this to give its readers the ammunition to radicalize our friends and families.

SHARON ASHMORE
Kansas City, Mo.

Black Revolutionary Music

BLACK NATIONALISM AND THE REVOLUTION IN MUSIC. *By Frank Kofsky. Pathfinder Press, 1970. $2.75.*

". . . the role of the artist in decadent capitalist society is determined by the conflict between the individual and various social forms which are hostile to him [or her]. This fact alone, insofar as he [or she] is conscious of it, makes the artist the natural ally of revolution."
—ANDRÉ BRETON

THE EARLY AND MID-SIXTIES brought to fruition a revolutionary musical art form that contained within it many of the same semblances and nuances of Black protest and revolution which were then burning heavily across the ghetto lands of decadent ameriKKKa. If one were to review the evening TV "news" of that period and then add up the total number of hours devoted to the broadcast of "news" which related specifically to the Black liberation struggle, one would find that the majority of that time was devoted primarily to such "sensational" (from the "news" media's point of view) aspects of the struggle as mass demonstrations, freedom marches, sit-ins, lie-ins, die-ins and burn-ins.

Had the Black liberation struggle been understood as a movement of a people searching for a new mode of existence, which necessitates struggling on each and every level, it would have been virtually impossible not to have recognized the significance of the revolution that was simultaneously and interconnectedly going on in what has heretofore been referred to as "jazz."

In Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary the noun "jazz" is defined as "American music characterized by improvisation, syncopated rhythms, contrapuntal ensemble playing, and special melodic features peculiar to the individual interpretation of the player."

While this is basically an adequate definition, it nonetheless suffers from oversimplification. Closer examination shows jazz to be broken down into two categories: one which reflects and represents the experiences of Black ameriKKKans, and another which reflects the experiences of White ameriKKKans.

This is not to say that it is therefore possible to pigeonhole all Black musicians into one camp and all White into another. Generally speaking, however, most White jazz musicians play a form of music very different from that played by their Black counterparts. (For empirical evidence one need only compare the ensemble passages, rhythmic variations and solo passages of the Sun Ra Solar Arkestra to those of the Don Ellis Orchestra, or those of the John Coltrane Quartet to those of the Dave Brubeck Quartet, or those of an Archie Shepp group to those of a group led by Stan Getz.)

IT IS WITH BLACK JAZZ (from here on referred to as Black Revolutionary Music, or BRM) that Frank Kofsky—assistant professor of history at California's Sacramento State College, music critic and associate editor of *Jazz & Pop* magazine—concerns himself in a recently published book entitled *Black Nationalism and the Revolution in Music.* Kofsky's work chronologically picks up where Leroi Jones's *Blues People* leaves off (circa 1963 to 1964), and carries through until the middle of 1969. The problem with any book is that by the time it is written and published the world that receives the finished work has changed so much from the world which initially inspired it that the most any book can purport to be is history. If viewed in this manner (and I believe the author would approve), *Black Nationalism and the Revolution in Music* is a together, though limited, account of a very creative period in the development of Black Revolutionary Music.

Unlike many "critics" who have attempted to analyze Black Revolutionary Music as a purely musical phenomenon, Kofsky's work takes into account the social, economic and cultural influences which catalytically impinge upon the musicians: ". . . there is an intense cross-pollination process that goes on between jazz and the black community, the net effect of which is to guarantee that jazz—the music and musicians—will either anticipate or reflect the mood, concerns, and aspirations of Afro-Americans." It is because of this understanding that he is able to launch an attack upon all institutions (nightclubs, booking agencies, recording companies and so on) that have been the sworn enemies of those Black Revolutionary Music artists whose music reflects an intense desire to destroy all that which oppresses, and to create in its place a world as beautiful as John Coltrane's "A Love Supreme."

Kofsky is of the opinion that so-called "jazz" critics such as Leonard Feather, Martin Williams, Dan Morgenstern and Michael Zwerin have all failed to live up to their critical responsibilities. He views these responsibilities as twofold: (1) to ". . . muckrake—they can lay bare the sordid conditions that prevail within the jazz milieu . . . critics could probably bring about a fairly substantial degree of integration [?] in the recording, TV, and movie studios simply by consistent public assault on the existing policy of whites-preferred. The same methods might

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

also be employed to remedy the ghastly situation in the nightclubs, where exorbitant charges to clientele are coupled with hyper-exploitation of the artists. . ."; (2) to relate ". . . the present revolution in jazz to the changes in society that have helped shape it."

The assigning of these responsibilities is based on Kofsky's understanding of the influence that critics have ". . . in their hands to smooth the way for the innovators, by mediating between them and their public." He does not feel, however, that the success of Black Revolutionary Music is solely dependent upon the acceptance of the listening audience alone: "In the long run . . . the success of any radical movement in the arts depends on its reception by the community of practicing artists, especially the younger ones."

THE "TRUTHS" endorsed by critics (such as this is "good" and that is "bad") are a direct result of the social, economic, political and cultural interests they are intent upon upholding. When the aforementioned white critics pronounce judgments that lead to the denunciation of Black Revolutionary Music, they do so for very specific reasons of class interest, a point made explicit by Kofsky:

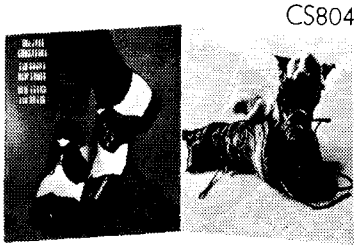
"A few years ago there was a splenetic outburst on the part of a few writers who damned the then embryonic jazz revolution with the epithet 'antijazz'; and although the term was nowhere further defined, the pejorative connotation was unmistakable to even the most casual reader. While the initial manifesto of counterrevolution did not originate with him, Leonard Feather, one of the most renowned of the jazz critics . . . gave his public endorsement to it in *Downbeat* (February 15, 1962). Three years later this same critic is to be found writing album commentaries for several members of the jazz avant-garde; in one instance he has even had the temerity to contribute the notes to a record memorializing the late Eric Dolphy, who was among the chief targets of the initial 'antijazz' diatribe to which Feather himself subscribed." The reason for the shift in Feather's position, Kofsky notes, was the result of the changing ". . . tastes of the jazz public, sizable enough to make it profitable for several recording companies to have released albums by avant-garde performers. . . . Now if there is an axiom among 'critics,' it is that a chance to earn a ready $100 or $200 by doing an album commentary is *never* turned down—regardless of what the critic may actually think of the artist in question."

Kofsky takes it beyond the opportunist racist critics when he notes that "the real villain is not the individual . . . writer, but the form of the social organization which insists that art, like birth, death, and marriage . . . be huckstered as a commodity, and that only those commodities (be they artistic or otherwise) that pass the test of profitability have won the right to survive." Right on!

Kofsky maintains an offensive against the reactionary critics throughout the book, even to the point of going out of his way to "prove" that Martin Williams was dead wrong when he excluded John Coltrane (the artist with whom Kofsky's book primarily concerns itself, and upon whom the author bestows the status of prime "avant-garde jazz innovator"), while includ-

Dues paying members of the Jazz Crusade
We paid OUR Dues.

CS804



chisa

Distributed by Motown Record Corp.

The Jazz Crusaders new hit album

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing Ornette Coleman, from the "legitimate avant-garde."

On more than one occasion Kofsky makes the point of "proving" Coltrane's importance as a performing artist who has had a tremendous influence on the style of other saxophonists—more than Coleman, whose influence, he feels, is mainly as a composer. This, I feel, is a rather dubious and questionable point, the truth of which is impossible to attain because the process of determining the more important innovator, in any given area of artistic endeavor, is so purely conjectural as to negate its relevance. At times the author elevates the stature of Coltrane to that attainable only by the likes of the holy: he had ". . . few . . . contemporaries . . . no peers . . . and many disciples." However, if you are one of the few stoned folks who has been able to capture the quintessential spirit that permeates Coltrane's music, then perhaps the adulation will be better understood.

REGARDING COLTRANE'S influence on the Black Revolutionary Music artists, Kofsky offers three types of evidence as to why he feels Coltrane to have been the singularly most important BRM figure: First, he appeared on record with many of the other musicians recognized as leading artistic BRM figures—people like Don Cherry, Cecil Taylor, Eric Dolphy, Pharoah Sanders, George Russell and others. (While I find this to be factually correct, I have difficulty in understanding its relevance.)

Second, his tenor saxophone tonal qualities and his phrasing style are the most readily detectable influence in a myriad of tenor and alto players such as Pharoah Sanders, Wayne Shorter, Sam Rivers, the late Albert Ayler, Noah Howard and Charles Lloyd, just to name a few. Third, his own specific contributions include rhythmic innovations, the use of two basses, and his solo on "Chasing the Trane" (from the *"Live" at the Village Vanguard* album recorded in 1961)—an unprecedented solo, according to Kofsky, which contains within it most of the basic elements of style employed by saxophonists (as well as rock musicians, such as Eric Clapton and Al Kooper, to name a few) usually associated with Black Revolutionary Music. In general, I concur.

Kofsky's understanding of the reason Coltrane was able to play such an important role in the creation of Black Revolutionary Music is based on the model Thomas Kuhn uses (in his excellent book, *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*) to describe how new paradigms—models which contain the major assumptions about the universe necessary to pursue a ". . . particular coherent tradition of scientific research" or artistic style—bloom forth to replace and negate the established ones. Kofsky readily admits that Kuhn ". . . is concerned primarily with the abrupt replacement of one scientific theory by another . . . but much of what he has to say possesses, within the appropriate limits, immediate applicability to the arts as well." He feels that the younger scientist who is rooted in the established science and its concomitant paradigms (like the early Coltrane), but who is not limited to that world view and its assumptions, has as a result of his/her newness to the science certain socio-historical experiences which lead to the questioning of those very paradigms. As a result of this situation the newcomer, when practicing his/her science or art, must of necessity pursue a different truth in order to reconcile theory with praxis: in much the same way that Marx set Hegel right side up.

If Coltrane is viewed in the context of Bop music (which is the predecessor of BRM) as one of its younger and more gifted members who began to probe into more spatial areas of expression relevant to the changing world situation—the maturation of the Black liberation struggle—it can be seen how he dialectically developed the forces of his conviction to the point of undermining his own once-held paradigms (the world view and basic theoretical assumptions of Bop). It takes, however, a person with a universal force of togetherness about them in order to convince others of the historical correctness of the new paradigm(s): John Coltrane, Albert Einstein and Karl Marx were such persons.

SO THAT YOU may have a total view of Kofsky's work, I would like to mention some of the other areas upon which he touches. There is a chapter devoted to "The Blues People of Leroi Jones" in which the author paraphrases Jones's excellent point that ". . . jazz, like revolutionary black nationalist ideology, springs from the most oppressed stratum of United States society, the . . . [Black] working class, the 'blues people.' . . . And to the same degree that black nationalism implicitly poses on the agenda a thoroughgoing transformation of the American social structure, the aesthetic values of jazz cry out for a no less fundamental restructuring of this country's banal and tepid white middle-class cultural vistas." Kofsky then dispels the idea that it is possible to use traditional Black "jazz" as a cold war propaganda weapon for U.S. imperialism ". . . to counter the increasingly unfavorable impression created by U.S. foreign policy, especially in Vietnam." He moves on to delineate the relationship between the social conditions of Black people vis-à-vis Black Revolutionary Music.

The work also contains two interviews conducted by the author, one with John Coltrane and the other with MaCoy Tyner. The closing chapter is devoted to the political career of Malcolm X, in which Kofsky states: ". . . it does appear that there is an extraordinary parallel between the curve of Malcolm's personal history . . . and the history of jazz itself during the past decades." (At times Kofsky's writing about Malcolm is curiously reminiscent of George Breitman's *Evolution of a Revolutionary*.) Along with all of this, there are a number of photos, taken by Kofsky, of many of the artists mentioned throughout the work.

Black Nationalism and the Revolution in Music is one of those books that says so many of the right things while making some very fundamental criticisms of decadent ameriKKKan capitalist society, but nonetheless falls short of being the thorough type of work that is needed to shed illuminating light upon the subject of Black Revolutionary Music. For instance, although many of the important new BRM artists are mentioned, very few of them get the attention needed to properly assess their importance as innovators of this revolutionary art form; many of the more important artists are casually mentioned or are omitted altogether (e.g., Sun Ra, Cecil Taylor and Roscoe Mitchell).

As a work aimed at praising the gen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ius of John Coltrane, while using a working hypothesis that posits an interrelationship between art and its social setting, it is a great success. But as a work that explores the quintessence of Black Revolutionary Music, it is a great failure.

REVOLUTIONARY ART, like any other revolutionary form, must not only expose the bestial nature of the oppressive society out of which it develops—it must also inspire revolution. Our understanding of beautiful Black Revolutionary Music must inspire us on such a level that when we encounter the sounds of a tenor saxophone blowing the spirit of the "Wretched of the Earth" we will begin to flash, not upon the abstract images of "Another Earth," but rather on the colors, symbols and artifacts of *this* earth in such a manner as to bring DEATH to fascism and all its adherents. Revolutionary art of this nature is an outgrowth of revolutionary artists bent (consciously or unconsciously) on the restructuring of ameriKKKa and the world and on the creation, in its place, of a STONED/FREE/PEOPLE'S / INTERNATIONAL / SOCIALISTIC/UNIVERSE.

In an era of instability and rapid change in which oppressed people the world over are making concurrent breaks for freedom, it is imperative that all art be judged upon its relevance to that objective situation. Revolutionary art will affirm revolution through commitment. This leaves no room for noncommital art, which must be condemned as reactionary nonsense designed to obfuscate and negate the need for revolution. Music has a spiritual force and attraction of such magnitude that if we were ever to reach a state in which most of the diversionary musical babble that now bombards us were to transform itself into, or be replaced by, revolutionary art, the results need not be mentioned.

The strength of Kofsky's work lies in his polemic against reactionary critics for not being the radical critic that *he* is. But in the final analysis, his work fails to clearly affirm the need for *revolution by any just means necessary,* and to that degree falls short of the first task of a *revolutionary critic*—to consistently instigate *revolution.*

—ROLAND YOUNG

Electric Sociology

FUTURE SHOCK. *By Alvin Toffler. Random House, $8.95.*

FUTURE SHOCK straddles the line between hip prophecy and pop sociology. It carries testimonials from Buckminster Fuller and Marshall McLuhan, on one side, and Robert Rimmer and Vance Packard, on the other, and it aims mainly at making the technological prophets heard among the middle-class audience for sociological sensations. Toffler can say radical things, but his overall tone veers toward the breathless and personal, and the hard questions are at best glanced at, rather than explored. He doesn't want to lose credibility among the corporate executives and government officials he might influence. Nevertheless, *Future Shock* poses a challenge, both in what it says and in what it leaves out, to which radicals need to respond.

Toffler has two essential messages, both of which are explicitly critical of the radical movement. First, he says, people haven't given nearly enough thought to the future—and that especially includes radicals, who claim they want to change society and transform culture but have been unable to present a coherent vision of what they want the future to look like —the first generation in the history of modern radicalism operating without a firm sense of a desired future. Moreover, what utopian thinking the left has produced has been, in Toffler's view, reversionary rather than revolutionary, premised on a pastoral or industrial past rather than on the fundamental force that is shaping the future: a super-industrial system based on exploiting continued technological growth and innovation.

Most of *Future Shock* is devoted to exploring the life-styles which the super-industrial system is already beginning to create. Life in the future will be more transient, more novel, more diverse. Every aspect of life will be changed—institutional structures, jobs, education, sex, families, friendships, possessions. With transplants, artificial organs, genetic planning and control and a rapidly advancing robot technology, even the

EDUCATORS/ ORGANIZERS

Because of the large number of requests for large quantities of Ramparts' recent issues for use in classes, projects, organizing and other non-profit activities, we are making available boxes of 25 copies of any 1970 issue at the special price of $10 per box.

To order recent issues in lots of 25, write to the address below and enclose your check — no credit orders can be accepted at this price, which is less than half the regular price for off-sale issues.

guide to recent issues:

JAN.: Behind the Chicago Conspiracy Trial; The Ecology of Oil (Alaska)

FEB.: The Red Man's Burden; Private War in Laos; Deserter Underground

MARCH: The Rolling Stones at Play; Nixon and His Friends; Bertrand Russell on My Lai

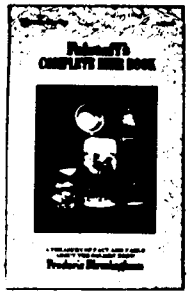
APRIL: Cuban Silkscreen Portfolio; Torture in Greece; Marcuse on Utopia

MAY: Special Ecology Issue; Eight Contemporary Articles

JUNE: Bobby Seale's Own Story; Dangers of the Pill; Laotian Struggle; Genet on the Panthers

RAMPARTS — Back-Issue Dept.
1940 Bonita Ave.
Berkeley, California 94704

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



JUST

$1.00

(plus 25¢ for postage and handling)

EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT BEER

(But didn't know whom to ask)

At Last! You get it all in one volume . . . a delightful collection of rhyme, myth, facts and lore never before assembled in a single volume. It's everything you ever wanted to know about beer from Noah 'til now. Order your copy today by sending $1.00 plus 25¢ for postage and handling for each copy to: BEER BOOK, P.O. Box 23007, St. Louis, Mo. 63156. Check, cash or money order for full amount must be included with order. Sorry, no COD's. Dept. F

(Missouri residents add 3% sales tax)

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

Send everything to Ramparts, 1940 Bonita Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94704

Please include a Ramparts address label whenever you write us about your subscription.

ATTACH LABEL HERE

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

☐ 1 Year (12 issues) ..... $ 8.50
☐ 2 Years (24 issues) $15.00
☐ New Order ☐ Renewal
☐ Payment Enclosed
☐ Change My Address to:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

concept of what a human being is may alter radically. Yet Toffler insists that the fearful forecasters of technological tyranny who foresee a standardized, homogenized world of technological uniformity are quite mistaken. The cornucopia of super-industrial technology creates, instead, greater opportunity, greater diversity. There are more sub-cultures, more underground papers, more life-styles, all the time. Indeed, the primary symptom in the pathology of "future shock" lies in the difficulties which arise from over-stimulation and the need to make choices among the vast array of alternatives which super-industrial society presents.

IT'S IMPORTANT to meet Toffler on his own ground, to respond not only to his major themes, but also to the theoretical assumptions, overt and covert, which shape his organization, his perspective, his choices. Of these, two are of major significance: his assumption of a kind of technological determinism, a belief that the major lines of technological growth and development will continue to play themselves out, no matter what changes take place in political structures or economic conditions; and his pervasive attitude that the individual functions primarily as a consumer, even of experience and of style. Thus a person becomes a radical not so much because he is convinced of the truth of certain political ideas or social values but because he is attracted to the radical life-style. Both of these assumptions have some validity and value, but they tend to undermine Toffler's efforts to raise essential social, political and economic questions.

Toffler makes sure that everything which must be said at least gets mentioned. Of course there must be political solutions to technological issues. Of course the profit motive solely must not be allowed to determine the uses of technology. Of course businessmen, scientists, technologists and bureaucrats must be controlled. The litany of "we must do this" and "we must do that" appears on nearly every page of the book. Yet Toffler's basic purpose—to stimulate and perhaps shake up his straight-thinking readers without at the same time offending them—continually leads him to glance away from or slide over the basic problems he briefly raises. Toffler never comes to grips with the issue that every major social thinker confronts, the issue of power. Who runs things? Who makes decisions? Who controls?

One reason for Toffler's inability to deal with power is his dislike of what he calls econocentric thinking. But if a social system is organized around the principle of private profit, how can that system be discussed or changed without primary reference to the economic motives which shape perceptions and decisions in every aspect of society? The economic recession, for example, has already halted or reversed some of the future trends of which Toffler writes so glowingly. He makes much of the airline competition for customers by selling décor and movies and fancy meals—an "experience" rather than a flight. But loss of revenue and the heavy costs of investments in jumbo-jets have led airlines to cut back on meals and frills. In the same way, Toffler's rosy picture of engineers living a "future-style" life has been radically altered by lay-offs in aerospace industries. Economic conditions could postpone or cancel Toffler's new world, and present shock take the place of future shock.

It's symptomatic of Toffler's approach that he can challenge the reader on his private values—marriage, sex, family life—but never directly confront the issue of how the larger social, political and economic values will affect the future. The fact is that Toffler's vision of the future, with its bias toward psychological factors, life-styles and consumption, rests upon an implicit assumption of stability in political power and social systems.

As Veblen suggested many years ago, when a crisis occurs in modern technological societies it's likely that men of power will reassert traditional values. That's happening now in the Nixon-Agnew repression. Technological growth can continue in the setting of traditional values, but there's little chance that the diversity and freedom which Toffler finds in the technological future will survive the present prolonged crisis of our political and social system.

—ROBERT SKLAR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Supermarket Trap

SUPERMARKET TRAP. *By Jennifer Cross. Indiana University Press. ($5.95)*

WHEN A TELEVISION housewife buys groceries for her ravenous family of four, she is in a state of unquestioning bliss. The rest of us on the real-world side of the TV screen—our tongues sticky with the glue of Blue Chip stamps—know better; but we suffer in silence. If we dare a feeble complaint, even the most sympathetic husbands and boy friends are quick to scoff, "But women *like* to shop"; and industry spokesmen smilingly imply that high prices are somehow our fault.

Now the truth is out. Jennifer Cross has written a book that makes even the most brash supermarket executive wince. Cutting crisply through the most complex economic justifications, she explains in plain English why and how the supermarkets have suckered both us and themselves into an endless and vicious spin of expensive and not necessarily nutritious food, promotions, "specials" (that are either out of stock or the same price they were yesterday), free, unredeemable coupons, and—ah, yes—trading stamps.

Perhaps the best evaluation of her book came from a supermarket executive—Stanley Johnson, executive director of a San Francisco grocers' association. I talked to him a few weeks after Miss Cross's book was published and five minutes before he was to appear on a local television talk show. He was calm and cheerful—clearly intending to win the hearts of all the ladies out there in TV-land with his handsome smile and a ten-page speech on the wonders of supermarkets. Then he discovered that he was to appear opposite Jennifer Cross. "Oh, no," he gasped. "Not Jennifer Cross!"

IN THE SUPERMARKETS the consumer movement is still young. It was only five years ago that housewives in Denver protested against spiralling prices and began a boycott of markets that spread across the nation. But though the boycotts damped prices temporarily, they lost their steam, and food costs continued their steady rise. Now, perhaps because of the success of Ralph Nader, the movement is rising again. And here, in *Supermarket Trap,* is the documentation and the strategy that militant housewives need to influence the food industry more permanently. In *The Chemical Feast,* Nader's teams documented the horror of untested chemicals and other junk that is added to food. Jennifer Cross does this too, but she goes further: she documents what has become a food-industrial complex—a little-regulated horizontal monopoly of producing, advertising and selling food, all heavily padded with give-away gimmicks that transfer hidden costs to the housewife and dupe her into buying what she doesn't want or even need.

As Miss Cross describes it (quoting liberally from the trade publications), the whole grocery business is based on game theory. But while supermarketeers claim that the housewife is king and that "American food is democracy in action," the game is rigged from the start. Only the businessmen are allowed to know the rules (much less the odds), and if by accident or intelligence the shoppers begin to win, the prizes vanish and the rules change. Again and again this point comes through, whether she's talking about actual promotional games (such as Purity's bingo game, where 125,999 shoppers "won" some $8 million in prize money—which, of course, they never collected; or Shell's "Americana," in which clever people who figured out how to win settled for a portion of the prize money out of court) or the more insidious game of shopping itself.

This is a game of psychological warfare where the aim is to lure the shopper into the store, replete with grasping children, husband and no shopping list. Stores put children's products at their eye level and reach so that not only can they beg for them but if they're lucky they can wrest the product into the cart without the shopper noticing. There are "tie-in" and "impulse-buy"

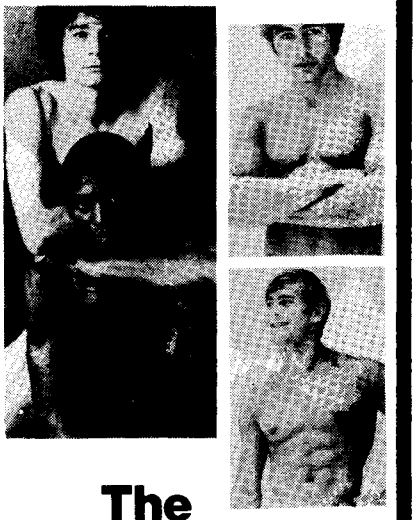
NATIONAL LAWYERS GUILD

- provides legal assistance for those engaged in political struggle.
- has established a National Defense Committee to provide the best legal response to accelerated repression.
- trains young lawyers and law students across the country

Guild lawyers give heavily of their time, skills and money. The need for funds is great.

Send contributions to:

National Lawyers Guild
1 Hudson Street
New York, N.Y. 10013



The Most Beautiful Boys in the World.

An Extraordinary Collection of Male Erotica . . . $3., from . . .

TARQUIN PRESS

Box 5548, Inglewood, Calif. 90310

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robert Theobald's An Alternative Future for America II ...

"The potentiality for (Theobald's) ideas during this distressed period are ever more dazzling. And in this book, the dazzlement is fully let loose in a series of far-out proposals for experimenting with altered life styles. It may be weeks before I stop trembling."—

Reviewed by Richard Raymond, WHOLE EARTH CATALOG

⅔ of the material in this 2nd edition is new, including the 15-page Working Appendix. paper $2.00 cloth $6.00

at your bookseller or

THE SWALLOW PRESS INC.
1139 S. WABASH AVENUE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60605

products (salad dressing in the lettuce section), and special displays, though the products are at the same old prices. And a normal cut of meat with a fancy label (i.e., "Jewish fillet" instead of "eye of round") can cost from $.04 to $1.40 more per pound. New packages and products replace each other at a dazzling pace as prices rise, but the contents change hardly at all—except perhaps to grow an ounce or six smaller. According to one survey of "new" products from 1946 to 1964, only 20 of the thousands of products were truly innovative (like instant mashed potatoes and freeze-dried coffee), rather than modifications of old recipes. Yet a family of four with an average food bill of about $2000 a year pays the full cost of new and old products' packaging and promotion—about $400 a year.

Of course, the customer pays more, too, for the packaging of the store itself. And what happens, asks Miss Cross, ". . . when the Japanese tea garden is checkmated by the early Colonial supermarket next door—what gimmick will the industry come up with next?" She points out that even when the store wants to give up its gimmicks—its stamps and games—it often can't. For some of the customers are now hooked on the gimmicks and will patronize another store that handles them. This idea of shopping around is termed by the industry "disloyalty"—with the obvious implication that it is un-American to be a comparative shopper.

What is, apparently, also un-American to the supermarket business is government regulation. Again, Miss Cross is unsympathetic and unforgiving. "They have approached compliance with all the eagerness of a man going to the electric chair," she says, and she notes that even as late as 1968 in Los Angeles, a California assemblyman—not, tellingly, a federal meat inspector—discovered disgustingly filthy conditions in slaughterhouses that were reminiscent of Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*. Unfortunately, such cases are still commonplace across the nation.

LUCKILY, HOWEVER, the book is much more than a catalogue of miseries. In the last chapters the author ventures some solutions to the whole supermarket mess. One answer is alert and better shoppers, and she offers a few basic (perhaps too basic) clues on how to shop: always carry a shopping list and make a list of prices; leave your family behind; shop the specials and not the gimmicks—and get out fast, because the store estimates that for each extra half-hour you spend there, they net an extra 50 cents.

But she admits that the most hawk-eyed shopper's savings won't mean peanuts until package sizes are standardized and contents clearly listed to enable real comparison shopping, and until food is required to be nutritious, not merely synthetically tasteful. In the appendix (which, along with some of the footnotes, is often the most colorful part of the book) she quotes a milk producer who articulates the typical industry fantasy about synthetic food. Said Mr. Kenneth Harkness in a prepared speech to his fellow milk producers: "Our children, when will we stop fighting them? Spinach, broccoli, asparagus, green beans, carrots . . . gluk! I hate them myself. Kids enjoy peanut butter sandwiches, potato chips, soft drinks, candy and ice cream. Any or all of these foods could be made nutritious in terms of proteins, minerals and vitamins."

Clearly, the hope for better and perhaps cheaper food is not just in shopper awareness and industry responsibility, but in government regulation. Miss Cross suggests ceilings on the expense for advertising, promotion and new product development that could be made tax-deductible: a good idea, since, as she notes in an earlier chapter, the food industry spends $2.9 billion a year—one-sixth of U.S. industries' expenditures—on advertising and promotion (by comparison, retailers spend only $800 million a year). And a regulatory agency which would set such ceilings and standards for food would consist largely of consumers (although most such government agencies are little more than apologists and rubber stamps for the industries they supposedly regulate). If somehow the powerful food lobbyists can be restrained and such a commission can be okayed, it might just spring the supermarket trap for good.

—HELENE LIPPINCOTT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A great rock-'n-roll movie about the best rock-'n-roll band in the world.

—Honest Bob, EVO

The Rolling Stones

GIMME SHELTER

Directed by David Maysles, Albert Maysles, Charlotte Zwerin · A Maysles Films, Inc. Production

NOW Plaza Theatre New York · Exeter Theatre Boston
Outer Circle Washington · Cinema 19 Philadelphia

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU'RE BEING ROBBED!

Virtually every time that you spend money, whether at the supermarket, department store, drugstore, or gas station, you're being ROBBED! You're being duped, hoodwinked, and swindled out of the full value of your money by a combination of deceptive selling techniques that include Madison Avenue double-talk, mendacious salesmanship, and insidious labeling and packaging ploys. Senator Warren Magnuson, the most alert consumer watchdog in Congress, says that deceptive selling is today's "most serious form of theft, accounting for more dollars lost each year than robbery, larceny, auto thefts, embezzlement, and forgery combined." Sidney Margolius, the dean of American consumer writers, asserts that "Never in the 30 years I have been reporting on consumer problems has the public been as widely and steadily exploited as today." And Ralph Nader, the nation's most renowned champion of consumer rights, states that "Nowadays consumers are being manipulated and defrauded not just by marginal,fly-by-night hucksters, but by America's blue-chip business firms." In short, commercial flimflammery is rife throughout the nation and the American consumer is being victimized as never before. As a partial antidote to this widespread fraud and deception, an intrepid, authoritative, new publication has been launched. Its name is **Moneysworth.**

Moneysworth, as its name implies, aims to see that you get full value for the money you spend. It rates competitive products as to best buys (as among cameras, hi-fi's, automobiles, and the like); it offers tips on how to save money (they will *astound* you with their ingenuity); and it counsels you on the management of your personal finances (telling not only how to gain maximum return on your investments and savings, but also how to protect your money against the ravages of inflation). In short, Moneysworth is your own personal consumer crusader, trusted stockbroker, and chancellor of the exchequer–all in one.

Perhaps the best way to describe Moneysworth for you is to list the kinds of articles it prints:

Earn 12% on Your Savings (Fully Insured)

How to Buy A Car for $125 Over Dealer's Cost

Inaccurate Billing by the Phone Company

The Advantages of a Swiss Banking Account

The New U.S.-Made Minicars: An Evaluation

14 Recession-Wracked Cities Where Real Estate Is Selling for a Pittance

"Consuming Fire"– Moneysworth takes aim at companies that are defrauding the public.

Unsafe at Any Height–A comparison of the safety records of America's airlines.

A Consumer's Guide to Marijuana

Free Land and Free Money from Uncle Sam

Stocks that Are on the Rebound

Send Your Child to College Abroad

The Moneysworth Co-operative–Details of a price-discount co-op (for purchasing typewriters, cameras, and the like) that **Moneysworth** subscribers automatically become members of.

How Much Are You Worth?–An amazingly simple chart gives you the answer in 60 seconds.

High-Priced Lemons– Mechanical failures on brand-new Imperials,Continentals, and Cadillacs.

The Link Between Heart Attack and Coffee

The Economics of Being Black

Cashing In on Canada's New "Floating" Dollar

Cyclamates: Did America Overreact?

How to Buy Art Without Getting Framed

Critics' Consensus–A regular feature of **Moneysworth** in which the opinions of leading book, record, and film critics are tabulated.

Providing Your Teenager with Contraception

"Unit-Pricing"–The most revolutionary development in food stores since trading stamps.

The Effect of Air Pollution on Potency

The Great Odometer Gyp–How rent-a-car companies take the American public for a $10-million-a-year ride.

"No Load" Mutual Funds–A list of 45 funds that return the equivalent of an 8% profit at the very moment of investment.

12 Ways to Put the Touch on Friends–And 12 ways to demur.

How to Buy Medical Insurance Without Trauma

The Encouragement of Reckless Driving by GM, Chrysler, and Ford–Verbatim quotes from their souped-up ads in hot-rod magazines.

Taking Stock of Your Stockbroker–Nine ways to probe his probity.

Legal Ways to Beat Sales Taxes

Co-ops and Condominiums Explained

"The Safest Car of 19__"–A new series of annual awards by the editors of **Moneysworth.**

How to Break a Lease

Land Investment in Australia–At $1.20 an acre, land down under rates high among speculators.

How to Sue Without a Lawyer

The Impending Ban on Leaded Gasoline–How it should affect your next car purchase.

A Guide to Legal Abortion–Including the costs in different states.

And Now, Microwave Pollution–An exposé of the damage wrought to humans by radar, electronic ovens, and TV transmission.

Social Security's Special Rules for Women

How Metrecal Hurts Your Diet

Life Insurance: A Legalized Swindle–A Hartford actuary tells why he believes that "more than 90% of American policies are sold through misrepresentation, deceit, and fraud."

Teaching Your Child the Value of Money–Without having him *over*value it.

How to Handle Computerized Dunning Letters

Taxproof Money–A collection of highly creative, little-known, perfectly legal gimmicks.

How to Distinguish Health from Hokum at the Health-Food Store

Blindness Caused by Contact Lenses

Don't Buy U.S. Savings Bonds–Why they make a terrible investment, how they undermine sound government fiscal planning, and why one leading investment counsellor says, "They are palmed off mostly on rubes and financial boobs."

G.E.'s New Synthetic Diamonds: Will They Ruin the Value of Real Diamonds?

The *Truth* about Cut-Rate Gasolines

"No-Fault" Insurance Clarified

Checking Up on Your Social Security Account

That's the Spirit–Big bargains in booze, beer, and brandy.

Stop Chewing the Fat–How to read the new labels on frankfurters.

Free Checks–A list of 200 banks that allow unlimited writing of personal checks.

Bootleg Birth-Control Pills

When in Doubt, Deduct–The ten most common forms of income-tax overpayment.

$99 Fares to Europe

In sum, Moneysworth is a hip, trustworthy financial mentor. It reflects the quintessence of consumer sophistication.

In format, Moneysworth is a newsletter. It is designed for instantaneous communication and easy reference when you're shopping. It is published *fortnightly.* This ensures you that the information in Moneysworth will always be up-to-the-minute. Product ratings will appear precisely when you need them most (automobiles and sailboats will be rated in the spring, for example, and Christmas gifts and ski equipment in the fall.)

In style, Moneysworth is concise, pragmatic, and above all, useful. It is also completely forthright. Moneysworth does not hesitate to name brand names (whether to laud or lambaste them), to identify big corporations when they gouge the public, and to quote the actual prices and discounts that you are entitled to and should be getting. **Moneysworth** can afford to be this candid because *it carries no advertising whatsoever; it is beholden to no one but its readers.*

The editors of Moneysworth are a team of hard-nosed, experienced journalists. The editor-in-chief is Ralph Ginzburg, creator of the flamboyant magazines Fact, Eros, and Avant-Garde. Mr. Ginzburg was the first editor to provide a platform for Ralph Nader to express himself on the subject of automobile safety. Moneysworth's publisher is Frank R. Brady, generally regarded as one of the publishing industry's shrewdest financiers. Herb Lubalin, the world's foremost graphic designer, is Moneysworth's art director. Together, these men will produce the first–and only–consumer magazine with *charisma.*

Moneysworth is available by subscription only. Its price is $10 a year. However, right now you may order a special introductory Charter Subscription for ONLY $5! This is HALF PRICE!!

Moreover, we are so confident that Moneysworth will prove indispensable to you that we are prepared to make what is probably the most generous subscription offer in publishing history: *We will absolutely and unconditionally guarantee that* Moneysworth *will increase the purchasing power of your income by at least 15%–or we'll refund your money IN FULL.* In other words, if you now earn $10,000 a year, we'll guarantee that Moneysworth will increase the value of your income *by at least $1,500*–or you get your money back. As you can see, a subscription to Moneysworth is an absolutely foolproof investment.

To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $5 to: Moneysworth, 110 W. 40th St., New York, New York 10018.

We urge you to act at once. Stop being robbed and start getting your Moneysworth.

MONEYSWORTH

110 W. 40 ST. N.Y., N.Y. 10018

I enclose $5 for a one-year subscription to Moneysworth, the authoritative new consumer newsletter. I understand that I am paying only *HALF PRICE!* Moreover, Moneysworth guarantees that it will increase the purchasing power of my income by at least 15% *or I will get my money back IN FULL.*

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

©MONEYSWORTH 1970. T. M. REG. PEND. mra4

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED